This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Cleveland Hoadley Dodge

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME IX.

BEING THE

SECOND of his LETTERS.

LONDON,

Printed for A. MILLAR; J. and R. TONSON; H. LINTOT; and C. BATHURST.

MDCC LVII.

1404744

Contents of the Ninth Volume.

LETTERS to and from EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq;

From 1714 to 1725. p. 3.

LETTER

I. *OF the geography of Homer, a map done by the author. The State of the times: the ſiege of Barcelona, the Queen's death, the condition of the Engliſh Roman-Catholics: Wiſhes for the peace of the nation.*

II. *From Mr. Blount. Anſwer to the former. His temper in religion and politics.*

III. *From Mr. Blount. His diſpoſition to quiet; reflections on the affair of Preſton: An invitation into the country.*

IV. *An Account of the death of Mr. Wycherley.*

V. *Contemplations on the pleaſures of ſeparate ſpirits, on the narrow conceptions of men, the vanity of human knowledge, the variety of opinions in religion, and the great duty of charity.*

VI. *Conſolations under perſecution: The duty of mutual aſſiſtance: Univerſal Charity. The author leaving Windſor-Foreſt.*

VII. *From Mr. Blount.*

VIII. *After the affair of Preſton. The author's removal, change of life, and reſignation to it.*

LETTER
IX. *To Mr. Blount, after his retirement into Flanders. On the history of Jeffery of Monmouth, &c.*
X. *On the death of the author's father.*
XI. *To Mr. Blount.*
XII. *On Mr. Blount's recovery from an illness: Advice to sell his estate.*
XIII. *Of his manner of life in the country, and of the author's near the town.*
XIV. *A description of a grotto.*
XV. *On the approach of winter, hospitality, and a cheerful family.*

LETTERS to and from the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY.

From 1717 to 1727. p. 38.

LETTER
I. *After a fit of sickness. Of the Tragedy of Gorboduc. The author's progress in translating Homer's Iliad.*
II. *Excuse for writing carelessly: The humour of the town.*
III. *From Mr. Digby. Answer to the former.*
IV. *On the finishing his translation of the Iliad. His situation at Twickenham, Planting, The death of a friend.*
V. *From Mr. Digby. Answer to the former.*
VI. *From Mr. Digby. On the South-sea year.*

LETTER
VII. *Anſwer to the former.*
VIII. IX. *From Mr. Digby. On the ſame ſubject.*
X. *Character of Dr. Arbuthnot and his brother. Death of a friend.*
XI. *Character of the Digby-Family.*
XII. *Lord Bathurſt's Wood; the camp in Hyde-Park; the Biſhop of Rocheſter's converſation.*
XIII. *A winter invitation to a fire-ſide.*
XIV. *From Mr. Digby. A letter of friendſhip. The diſadvantages of an ill conſtitution. Conſolation in friends of integrity. Their manner of life in the country preferred to that in the town.*
XV. *On the ſame ſubject.*
XVI.
XVII. *On the ſeaſon of Chriſtmas: Cuſtoms of hoſpitality: Charity and good works, where they are yet ſubſiſting.*
XVIII. *To the Hon. Edward Digby, on his brother's death.*

LETTERS to and from Dr. ATTERBURY Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

From 1716 to 1723. p. 72.

LETTER
I. *From the Biſhop of Rocheſter, Concerning Mr. Pope's general preface to his works.*
II. *From the ſame.*
III. *From the Biſhop of Rocheſter. On occaſion of the death of Mr. Pope's father.*

LETTER
IV. *The anſwer.*
V. *On the fate of the South-Sea.*
VI. *From the Biſhop of Rochester. Of Mr. Dryden's monument: The Arabian Tales: The South-ſea ſcheme.*
VII. *From the ſame. On a manuſcript of Huetius, and the epitaph on Mr. Harcourt.*
VIII. *From the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, on the epitaph of his ſon.*
IX. *From the Biſhop of Rocheſter. On his ill health. Waller's verſes on ſickneſs. Mr. Prior's funeral.*
X. *From the ſame. His love of the country. A paſſage in Tully. Of Shakeſpear, and the publication of Mr. Addiſon's works.*
XI. *To the Biſhop of Rocheſter*
XII. *From the Biſhop. On a character drawn by the author.*
XIII. *To the Biſhop in the Country: Wiſhes for his quiet.*
XIV. *From the Biſhop of Rocheſter, his deſire of quiet, and love of books.*
XV. *An invitation to Twickenham: The vanity and emptineſs of the world.*
XVI. *From the Biſhop of Rocheſter. An anſwer to the former. His diſlike of great men: Preparation for his burial place in Weſtminſter-Abbey.*
XVII. *From the ſame, on the ſame ſubject. The ſtate of his mind, and the world's miſtake of his character.*
XVIII. *From the ſame. More concerning men of quality. Of Milton's manuſcript, and Agoniſtes.*

LETTER
XIX. *The Duke of Marlborough's funeral. The author's reſolution to keep clear of flattery.*
XX. *From the Biſhop. Anſwer to the former. Application of ſome verſes of Horace to the Duke of Marlborough's funeral.*
XXI. *From the Biſhop of Rocheſter in the Tower.*
XXII. *The anſwer.*
XXIII. *The author's laſt letter to the Biſhop of Rocheſter.*
XXIV. *From the Biſhop of Rocheſter.*
XXV. *On the death of his daughter.*

LETTERS to and from Mr. GAY, &c. From 1712 to 1732. p. 127

LETTER
I. *The author's opinion of Mr. Gay's merit and modeſty.*
II. *His deſire to do him ſervice, and advice as to the ſtudy of poetry.*
III. *Concerning painting; Mr. Gay's poem of the Fan.*
IV. *To Mr. Gay on his return to Hanover after the Queen's death. Advice about politics.*
V. *After the death of the author's father, and the ſale of his eſtate. Mr. Gay's poem to Mr. Lowndes, and his expectations at court.*
VI. *From Mr. Gay at Bath; on the remarkable death of two lovers by lightning, with their epitaph.*
VII. *To Mr. Gay at Bath; the commitment of the Biſhop of Rocheſter to the Tower.*

LETTER
VIII. *Of disappointments from great men commemorated.*
IX. *Assurances of remembrance in absence*
X. XI. XII. *To Mr. Gey in a dangero*
XIII. *On his recovery, and Mr. Congreve's*
XIV. *To the hon. Mrs. ———*
XV. *Excuse for not writing. Of Mr. Fent*
XVI. *A congratulation to Mr. Gay, on the expectations at court. The innocence vate life; and the happiness of indep*
XVII. *From Mr. Gay in the country. Thoug ing a farm, and about the Dunciad.*
XVIII. *To Mr. Gay in the country. Wishes him.*
XIX. *Complaints of his absence, and some e situation.*
XX. *The author more and more inclined to*
XXI. *More of the same. Concern for his fri sence, affection to his person, and wish happiness.*
XXII. *Desiring him to return to town and r study of poetry. The state of wit at t.*
XXIII. *Of the same subject. The death of player: Verses on the hermitage at Richr*
XXIV. *From Mr. Gay. His ill state of heal opinion of writing panegyric.*
XXV. *From Mr. Cleland to Mr. Gay.*
XXVI. *Mr. Pope to the Earl of Burlington.*

LETTER
XXVII. *The author's bad health, complaints of abſence, and ſome advice to his friend.*
XXVIII. *On the death of Mr. Gay, his mother's illneſs, and other melancholy incidents.*
XXIX. *To Hugh Bethel, Eſq; praiſe of humanity and good-nature. The benefits of equality in friendſhip.*
XXX. *To the ſame. On the death of the Earl of* C———.
XXXI. *On his mother's recovery: the melancholy offices of friends. A proſpect of the town upon the death of the King.*
XXXII. *On the publiſhing his Letters. The ſituation of the author, his pleaſures and his friendſhips.*
XXXIII. *To the Earl of Peterborow. His love of gardening. Reflections on Titles. Dearth of news.*
XXXIV. *From the Earl of Peterborow. Stowe-gardens: Temper of women: His love of laxineſs, and the reaſon.*
XXXV. *Anſwer to the former.*
XXXVI. *From the Earl of Peterborow. His diſlike of coming to town: The Charitable Corporation; more concerning women.*
XXXVII. *From the Earl of Peterborow from his garden: his idea of the Golden age, and unwillingneſs to come to town.*

LETTER

XXXVIII. *From the ſame. Deſire to ſee Dr. Swift. Alteration in his paſſions, and from whence.*

XXXIX. *From Dr. Swift to the Earl of Peterborow.*

XL. *A conſultation about deſigning a garden: Various opinions, and ſome general reflections.*

XLI. *To Mr. C—— expoſtulatory on the hardſhips done an unhappy lady, &c.*

XLII. *To Mr. Richardſon.*

XLIII. *To the ſame; after Mrs. Pope's death.*

XLIV. *To the ſame.*

XLV. *To Mr. B. concerning the Eſſay on Man, &c.*

XLVI. *Concern for the loſs of friends.*

XLVII. *From Dr. Arbuthnot in his laſt ſickneſs. His dying requeſt to the author.*

XLVIII. *The anſwer.*

The character of Katharine late Ducheſs of Buckinghamſhire and Normanby p. 213.

A Letter to a Noble Lord on occaſion of ſome libels written and propagated at Court, in the year 1732-3. p. 221.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EDWARD BLOUNT, Eſq;

The Hon. ROBERT DIGBY,

Dr. ATTERBURY,
Biſhop of ROCHESTER,

Mr. GAY, and Others.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq.

From 1714 to 1725.

LETTER I.

Mr. POPE to EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq.

Aug. 27, 1714.

WHatever ſtudies on the one hand, or amuſements on the other, it ſhall be my fortune to fall into, I ſhall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of them. The taſk I undertook, though of weight enough in itſelf, has had a voluntary increaſe by the inlarging my deſign of the *Notes*; and the neceſſity of conſulting a number of Books has carried me to Oxford: but, I fear, thro' my Lord Harcourt's and Dr. Clarke's means, I ſhall be more converſant with the pleaſures and company of the place, than with the books and manuſcripts of it.

I find ſtill more reaſon to complain of the neg
gence of the Geographers in their Maps of old Gree
ſince I looked upon two or three more noted nam
in the public libraries here. But with all the care
am capable of, I have ſome cauſe to fear the e
graver will prejudice me in a few ſituations. I ha
been forced to write to him in ſo high a ſtyle, th
were my epiſtle intercepted, it would raiſe no ſm
admiration in an ordinary man. There is ſcarce
order in it of leſs importance, than to remove ſu
and ſuch mountains, alter the courſe of ſuch ar
ſuch rivers, place a large city on ſuch a coaſt, ar
raze another in another country. I have ſet boun
to the ſea, and ſaid to the land, Thus far ſhalt thc
advance, and no further *. In the mean time,
who talk and command at this rate, am in dang
of loſing my horſe, and ſtand in ſome fear of
country juſtice †. To diſarm me indeed may be bi
prudential, conſidering what armies I have at pr
ſent on foot, and in my ſervice; a hundred thou
ſand Grecians are no contemptible body; for a
that I can tell, they may be as formidable as fou
thouſand prieſts; and they ſeem proper forces t
ſend againſt thoſe in Barcelona. That ſiege deſerve
as fine a poem as the Iliad, and the machining pa
of poetry would be the juſter in it, as, they ſay, th

* This relates to the Map of ancient Greece, laid down by ou
Author in his obſervations on the ſecond Iliad.

† Some of the Laws were, at this time, put in force again
the Papiſts.

habitants expect angels from heaven to their aſ-
ſtance. May I venture to ſay, who am a Papiſt, and
y to you who are a Papiſt, that nothing is more
oniſhing to me, than that people ſo greatly warm'd
ith a ſenſe of liberty, ſhould be capable of har-
uring ſuch weak ſuperſtition, and that ſo much
avery and ſo much folly can inhabit the ſame
eaſts?

I could not but take a trip to London on the death
the Queen, mov'd by the common curioſity of
ankind, who leave their own buſineſs to be look-
g upon other mens. I thank God, that, as for
yſelf, am below all the accidents of ſtate-changes
my circumſtances, and above them by my philo-
phy. Common charity of man to man, and uni-
rſal good will to all, are the points I have moſt
heart; and I am ſure, thoſe are not to be broken
r the ſake of any governors, or government. I
willing to hope the beſt, and what I more wiſh
n my own or any particular man's advancement,
that this turn may put an end entirely to the di-
ions of Whig and Tory; that the parties may love
:h other as well as I love them both, or at leaſt
rt each other as little as I would either: and that
r own people may live as quietly as we ſhall cer-
nly let theirs; that is to ſay, that want of power
lf in us may not be a ſurer prevention of harm,
n want of will in them. I am ſure, if all Whigs
l all Tories had the ſpirit of one Roman Catholic
t I know, it would be well for all Roman Ca-

tholics; and if all Roman Catholics had always ha that ſpirit, it had been well for all others; and w had never been charged with ſo wicked a ſpirit a that of perſecution.

I agree with you in my ſentiments of the ſtate o our nation ſince this change: I find myſelf juſt in th ſame ſituation of mind you deſcribe as your own heartily wiſhing the good, that is, the quiet of m country, and hoping a total end of all the unhapp diviſions of mankind by party-ſpirit, which at bef is but the madneſs of many for the gain of a few.

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

IT is with a great deal of pleaſure I ſee you letter, dear Sir, written in a ſtyle that ſhews yo full of health, and in the midſt of diverſions: think thoſe two things neceſſary to a man who ha ſuch undertakings in hand as Yours. All lovers o Homer are indebted to you for taking ſo much pain about the ſituation of his Hero's kingdoms; it wil not only be of great uſe with regard to his works but to all that read any of the Greek hiſtorians who generally are ill underſtood thro' the differenc *of the maps* as to the places they treat of, whicl

makes one think one author contradicts another. You are going to set us right; and 'tis an advantage every body will gladly see you engross the glory of.

You can draw rules to be free and easy, from formal pedants; and teach men to be short and pertinent, from tedious commentators. However, I congratulate your happy deliverance from such authors, as you (with all your humanity) cannot wish alive again to converse with. Critics will quarrel with you, if you dare to please without their leave; and Zealots will shrug up their shoulders at a man, that pretends to get to Heaven out of their form, dress and diet. I would no more make a judgment of an author's genius from a damning critic, than I would of a man's religion from an unsaving zealot.

I could take great delight in affording you the new glory of making a Barceloniad (if I may venture to coin such a word:) I fancy you would find a juster parallel than it seems at first sight; for the Trojans too had a great mixture of folly with their bravery; and I am out of countenance for them when I read the wise result of their council, where, after a warm debate between Antenor and Paris about restoring Helen, Priam sagely determines that they shall go to supper. And as for the Greeks, what can equal their superstition in sacrificing an innocent lady?

Tantum Religio potuit, &c.

I have a good opinion of my politics, since they agree with a man who always thinks so justly as

you. I wiſh it were in our power to perſuade
the nation into as calm and ſteddy a diſpoſition
mind.

We have receiv'd the late melancholy news, wi
the uſual ceremony, of condoling in one breath
the loſs of a gracious Queen, and in another rejoici
for an illuſtrious King. My views carry me no f
ther, than to wiſh the peace and welfare of
country; and my morals and politics teach me
leave all that to be adjuſted by our repreſentati
above, and to divine providence. It is much at c
to you and me, who ſit at the helm, provided th
will permit us to ſail quietly in the great ſhip. A
bition is a vice that is timely mortify'd in us p
papiſts; we ought in recompence to cultivate
many virtues in ourſelves as we can, that we
be truly great. Among my ambitions, that of
ing a ſincere friend is one of the chief: yet I
confeſs that I have a ſecret pleaſure to have ſome
my deſcendants know, that their Anceſtor was g
with Mr. Pope.

I am, &

LETTER III.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

Nov. 11, 1715.

IT is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you ſhould do with my letters juſt as you pleaſed, and anſwer them at your leiſure; and that is as ſoon as I ſhall think you ought. I have ſo true a taſte of the ſubſtantial part of your friendſhip, that I wave all ceremonials; and am ſure to make you as many viſits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you pleaſe, aſſuring you they ſhall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turn'd to preſerve peace and quiet, among us. What a diſmal ſcene has there been opened in the North, what ruin have thoſe unfortunate raſh gentlemen drawn upon themſelves and their miſerable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers? However, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in diſtreſs. I don't remember you and I ever uſed to trouble ourſelves about politics, but when any matter happened to fall into our diſcourſe, we us'd to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the diſturbing the peace and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatſoever to

violate the laws of charity. How many lives have there been loſt in hot blood, and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold? If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me, and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends welcome. You ſhall here worſhip the Echo at your eaſe; indeed we are forced to do ſo, becauſe we can't hear the firſt report, and therefore are obliged to liſten to the ſecond; which, for ſecurity ſake, I do not always believe neither.

'Tis a great many years ſince I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus: I long'd to imitate him a little, and have contriv'd hitherto, to be, like him, engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to ſome in both: I find myſelf very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which, I am perſuaded, brings a man more content than all the perquiſites of wild ambition. I with pleaſure join with you in wiſhing, nay I am not aſhamed to ſay, in praying for the welfare, temporal and eternal, of all mankind. How much more affectionately then ſhall I do ſo for you, ſince I am in a moſt particular manner, and with all ſincerity,

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

Jan. 21, 1715-16.

I Know of nothing that will be ſo intereſting to you at preſent, as ſome circumſtances of the laſt act of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as ſoon as his life was deſpair'd of: Accordingly a few days before his death he underwent the ceremony; and join'd together thoſe two ſacraments which, wiſe men ſay, ſhould be the laſt we receive; for if you obſerve, matrimony is placed after Extreme unction in our Catechiſm, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, ſatisfy'd in the conſcience of having by this one act paid his juſt debts, obliged a woman, who (he was told) had merit, and ſhewn an heroic reſentment of the ill uſage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the Lady, diſcharged thoſe debts; a jointure of four hundred a year made her a recompence; and the nephew he left to comfort himſelf as well as he could, with the miſerable remains of a mortgaged eſtate. I ſaw our friend twice after this was done, leſs peeviſh in his ſickneſs than he uſed to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much aſhamed of mar-

rying. The evening before he expired, he c his young wife to the bed-ſide, and earneſtly treated her not to deny him one requeſt, the la ſhould make. Upon her aſſurances of conſenting he told her, " My dear, it is only this, that you " never marry an old man again." I cannot hel marking, that ſickneſs, which often deſtroys wit and wiſdom, yet ſeldom has power to ren that talent which we call humour: Mr. Wych ſhew'd his, even in this laſt compliment; th think his requeſt a little hard, for why ſhould he her from doubling her jointure on the ſame terms?

So trivial as theſe circumſtances are, I ſhoul be diſpleas'd myſelf to know ſuch trifles, when concern or characteriſe any eminent perſon. wiſeſt and wittieſt of men are ſeldom wiſer or w than others in theſe ſober moments: At leaſt, friend ended much in the character he had lived and Horace's rule for a play, may as well be ap to him as a play-wright,

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab inceptu proceſſerit, et ſibi conſtet.

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

I AM juſt return'd from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and paſs'd a week in the foreſt. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertain'd me; but I muſt acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of diſpoſition almoſt peculiar to him, which make it impoſſible to part from him without that uneaſineſs which generally ſucceeds all our pleaſures. I have been juſt taking a ſolitary walk by moon-ſhine, full of reflections on the tranſitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a looſe in the contemplation of thoſe ſatisfactions which probably we may hereafter taſte in the company of ſeparate ſpirits, when we ſhall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vaſt a diſtance as we now do on thoſe worlds. The pleaſures we are to enjoy in that converſation, muſt undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the diſcoveries each ſhall communicate to another, of God and of Nature: for the happineſs of minds can ſurely be nothing but knowledge.

The higheſt gratification we receive here from company is mirth, which at the beſt is but a fluttering unquiet motion, that beats about the breaſt for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the beſt, is but a leſs

ſhameful art of loſing time. What we here call ſcienc and ſtudy, are little better: the greater number of art to which we apply ourſelves are mere groping in th dark, and even the ſearch of our moſt important con cerns in a future being, is but a needleſs, anxious and uncertain haſte to be knowing, ſooner than w can, what without all this ſolicitude we ſhall knov a little later. We are but curious impertinents in th caſe of futurity. 'Tis not our buſineſs to be gueſſin what the ſtate of ſouls ſhall be, but to be doing wha may make our own ſtate happy; we cannot be know ing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that hig ſcience, Divinity, you will be ſo civil as to imagine lay no mighty ſtreſs upon the reſt. Even of m darling poetry I really make no other uſe, tha horſes of the bells that gingle about their ears (th now and then they toſs their heads as if they wer proud of them) only to jog on, a little more me rily.

Your obſervations on the narrow conceptions mankind in the point of friendſhip, confirm me what I was ſo fortunate as at my firſt knowledge you to hope, and ſince ſo amply to experience. L me take ſo much decent pride and dignity upon m as to tell you, that but for opinions like theſe whi I diſcover'd in your mind, I had never made t trial I have done; which has ſucceeded ſo much mine, and, I believe, not leſs to your ſatisfactio for, if I know you right, your pleaſure is greater

obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, that the variety of opinions in politics or religion is often rather a gratification, than an objection, to people who have ſenſe enough to conſider the beautiful order of nature in her variations; makes me think you have not conſtrued Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verſe which precedes that which you quote: *Bene nota fides*, as I take it, does no way ſignify the Roman Catholic Religion, tho' Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flow'd from an exalted mind, That it was not improbable but that God might be delighted with the various methods of worſhipping him, which divided the whole world. I am pretty ſure you and I ſhould no more make good Inquiſitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualified for Lictors to Procruſtes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what, I think, I have formerly ſaid; that I as little fear God will damn a man who has Charity, as I hope that any Prieſt can ſave him without it.

I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

March 20, 1715-16.

I Find that a real concern is not only a hindrance to ſpeaking, but to writing too: the more time we give ourſelves to think over one's own or a friend's unhappineſs, the more unable we grow to expreſs the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter at ſuch a ſeaſon as this, as to retard a melancholy viſit to a perſon one cannot relieve. One is aſhamed in that circumſtance, to pretend to entertain people with trifling, inſignificant affectations of ſorrow on the one hand, or unſeaſonable and forced gaieties on the other. 'Tis a kind of profanation of things ſacred, to treat ſo ſolemn a matter as a generous voluntary ſuffering, with compliments, or heroic gallantries. Such a mind as your's has no need of being ſpirited up into honour, or like a weak woman, praiſed into an opinion of its own virtue. 'Tis enough to do and ſuffer what we ought; and men ſhould know, that the noble power of ſuffering bravely is as far above that of enterprizing greatly, as an unblemiſh'd conſcience and inflexible reſolution are above an accidental flow of ſpirits, or a ſudden tide of blood. If the whole religious buſineſs of mankind be included in reſignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow creatures, there are now ſome people who give us as good an opportunity of practiſing the one, a

nſelves have given an inſtance of the violation
the other. Whoever is really brave, has always
comfort when he is oppreſs'd, that he knows
ſelf to be ſuperior to thoſe who injure him: for
greateſt power on earth can no ſooner do him
injury, but the brave man can make himſelf
ater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to ſeek for alleviating conſo-
ions in a calamity of ſo much glory, one might
, that to be ruin'd thus in the groſs, with a whole
ple, is but like periſhing in the general conſla-
ation, where nothing we can value is left behind

Methinks, the moſt heroic thing we are left capa-
of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's
d, and (oppreſs'd as we are) to ſuccour ſuch as
yet more oppreſs'd. If there are too many who
not be aſſiſted but by what we cannot give, our
ney; there are yet others who may be relieved
our counſel, by our countenance, and even by
r chearfulneſs. The misfortunes of private fami-
s, the miſunderſtandings of people whom diſtreſſes
ke ſuſpicious, the coldneſſes of relations whom
ange of religion may diſunite, or the neceſſities of
lf-ruined eſtates render unkind to each other;
ſe at leaſt may be ſoftened in ſome degree, by a
neral well-managed humanity among ourſelves; if
thoſe who have your principles of belief, had
o your ſenſe and conduct. But indeed moſt of
m have given lamentable proofs of the contrary;

and 'tis to be apprehended that they who want ſenſe, are only religious through weakneſs, and good-natur'd thro' ſhame. Theſe are narrow-minded creatures that never deal in eſſentials, their faith never looks beyond ceremonials, nor their charity beyond relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any diſtreſſed, conſcientious French refugee at this inſtant: what muſt my concern then be, when I perceive ſo many anxieties now tearing thoſe hearts, which I have deſired a place in, and clouds of melancholy riſing on thoſe faces, which I have long look'd upon with affection? I begin already to feel both what ſome apprehend, and what others are yet too ſtupid to apprehend. I grieve with the old, for ſo many additional inconveniencies and chagrins, more than their ſmall remain of life ſeemed deſtined to undergo; and with the young, for ſo many of thoſe gaieties and pleaſures (the portion of youth) which they will by this means be deprived of. This brings into my mind one or other of thoſe I love beſt, and among them the widow and fatherleſs, late of—. As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer ſenſe of others misfortunes, or a more generous reſignation as to what might be their own, ſo I earneſtly wiſh that whatever part they muſt bear, may be render'd as ſupportable to them, as it is in the power of any friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this thought, as you always will in any thing that is good, or *generous*: I find by a letter of your lady's (which

I have seen) that their ease and tranquillity is part of your care. I believe there's some fatality in it, that you should always, from time to time, be doing those particular things that make me enamour'd of you.

I write this from Windsor-Forest, of which I come to take my last look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hang'd do their fellow-prisoners, who are condemn'd to follow them a few weeks after. I parted with honest Mr. D* with tenderness; and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miseries to come, from which he is just going to be remov'd himself.

Perhaps, now, I have learnt so far as

Nos dulcia linquimus arva,

my next lesson may be

Nos Patriam fugimus.

Let that, and all else be as Heaven pleases! I have provided just enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I shall never be ashamed of each other. I know I wish my country well, and if it undoes me, it shall not make me wish it otherwise.

LETTER VII.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

March 24, 171

YOUR letters give me a gleam of satisf in the midſt of a very dark and cloud tion of thoughts, which it would be more th man to be exempt from at this time, when our muſt either be left, or be made too narrow fo turn in. Poetically ſpeaking, I ſhould lam loſs Windſor-foreſt and you ſuſtain of each but that, methinks, one can't ſay you are becauſe you will live by and in one another verſe is verſe. This conſideration hardens my opinion rather to congratulate you, ſir have the pleaſure of the proſpect whenever y it from your ſhelf, and at the ſame time th caſh you ſold it for, of which Virgil in h knew nothing in thoſe days, and which will every place eaſy to you. I, for my part, am happy; my *parva rura* are faſten'd to me, ſo can't exchange them, as you have, for more p means of ſubſiſtance; and yet I hope to enough to make the *Patriam fugimus* ſupport me: 'tis what I am reſolved on, with my *Pen* therefore you aſk me, to whom you ſhall con I will exhort you to leave lazineſs and the c St. James's Park, and chooſe to join the oth propoſals in one, ſafety and friendſhip (the

which is a good motive for moſt things, as the other is for almoſt every thing) and go with me where War will not reach us, nor paultry conſtables ſummon us to veſtries.

The future epiſtle you flatter me with, will find me ſtill here, and I think I may be here a month longer. Whenever I go from hence, one of the few reaſons to make me regret my home will be, that I ſhall not have the pleaſure of ſaying to you,

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requieſcere noctem,

which would have render'd this place more agreeable, than ever it elſe could be to me; for I proteſt, it is with the utmoſt ſincerity that I aſſure you, I am entirely,

Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

June 22, 1717.

IF a regard both to public and private affairs may plead a lawful excuſe in behalf of a negligent correſpondent, I have really a very good title to it. I cannot ſay whether 'tis a felicity or unhappineſs, that I am obliged at this time to give my whole application to Homer; when without that employment, my thoughts muſt turn upon what is leſs agreeable, the violence, madneſs, and reſentment of

modern War-makers *, which are likely to pro (to ſome people at leaſt) more fatal, than the fai qualities in Achilles did to his unfortunate countr men.

Tho' the change of my ſcene of life, from Wir for-foreſt to the ſide of the Thames, be one of t grand Æra's of my days, and may be called a no ble period in ſo inconſiderable a hiſtory; yet y can ſcarce imagine any hero paſſing from one ſta of life to another, with ſo much tranquillity, ſo ea a tranſition, and ſo laudable a behaviour. I am l come ſo truly a citizen of the world, (according Plato's expreſſion) that I look with equal indif rence on what I have left, and on what I have ga ed. The times and amuſements paſt are not mo like a dream to me, than thoſe which are preſent: lie in a refreſhing kind of inaction, and have c comfort at leaſt from obſcurity, that the darkn helps me to ſleep the better. I now and then refl upon the enjoyment of my friends, whom, I fanc I remember much as ſeparate ſpirits do us, at te der intervals, neither interrupting their own emplo ments, nor altogether careleſs of ours, but in ger ral conſtantly wiſhing us well, and hoping to ha us one day in their company.

To grow indifferent to the world is to grow p loſophical, or religious (which ſoever of thoſe tur we chance to take) and indeed the world is ſuch thing, as one that thinks pretty much, muſt eitl

* This was written in the year of the affair of Preſton.

laugh at, or be angry with: but if we laugh at it, they ſay we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they ſay we are ill-natur'd. So the moſt politic way is to ſeem always better pleas'd than one can be, greater admirers, greater lovers, and in ſhort greater fools than we really are: ſo ſhall we live comfortably with our families, quietly with our neighbours, favoured by our maſters, and happy with our miſtreſſes. I have filled my paper, and ſo adieu.

LETTER IX.

Sept. 8, 1717.

I Think your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world, with the bleſſed conſcience of having acted well in it; and I hope you have received your reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the religious country you inhabit, you'll be better pleaſed to find I conſider you in this light, than if I compared you to thoſe Greeks and Romans, whoſe conſtancy in ſuffering pain, and whoſe reſolution in purſuit of a generous end, you would rather imitate than boaſt of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made you undergo on this ſide the water. I beg, if your health be reſtored to you, not to deny me the joy of knowing it. Your endeavours of ſervice and good advice to the poor papiſts, put me in mind of

Noah's preaching forty years to thoſe folks that were to be drowned at laſt. At the worſt I heartily wiſh your Ark may find an Arrarat, and the wife and family (the hopes of the good patriarch) land ſafely after the deluge, upon the ſhore of Tornefs.

If I durſt mix prophane with ſacred hiſtory, I would chear you with the old tale of Brutus the wandering Trojan, who found on that very coaſt the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have very lately read Jeffery of Monmouth (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden) in the tranſlation of a clergyman in my neighbourhood. The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an hiſtorian; and told me he was perfectly aſtoniſhed, we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his Giants, while we believe thoſe of our Saints. I am forced to make a fair compoſition with him; and, by crediting ſome of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him ſo far already, that he ſpeaks reſpectfully of St. Chriſtopher's carrying Chriſt, and the reſuſcitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chicken. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more to be compared to Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines are to the Mohocks of ever dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aſide Homer for a week, and, when I take him up again

hall be very well prepared to tranſlate, with be-
f and reverence, the ſpeech of Achilles's Horſe.
You'll excuſe all this trifling, or any thing elſe
ich prevents a ſheet full of compliment: and be-
ve there is nothing more true (even more true
an any thing in Jeffery is falſe) than that I have a
nſtant affection for you, and am, &c.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoycing for
e victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks, in the
al you bear to the Chriſtian intereſt, tho' your
ouſin of Oxford (with whom I dined yeſterday)
ys, there is no other difference in the Chriſtians
ating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Chri-
ans, than whether the Emperor ſhall firſt declare
ar againſt Spain, or Spain declare it againſt the
mperor.

LETTER X.

Nov. 27, 1717.

THE queſtion you propoſed to me is what at preſent I am the moſt unfit man in the world anſwer, by my loſs of one of the beſt of fathers. He had lived in ſuch a courſe of Temperance as is enough to make the longeſt life agreeable to m, and in ſuch a courſe of piety as ſufficed to ake the moſt ſudden death ſo alſo. Sudden indeed was: however, I heartily beg of God to give me ch a one, provided I can lead ſuch a life. I leave

him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave: *Si qua eſt ea cura*, &c.

He has left me to the tickliſh management of ſo narrow a fortune, that any one falſe ſtep would be fatal. My mother is in that diſpirited ſtate of reſignation, which is the effect of long life, and the leſs of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of ſuch an humane turn as yourſelf, to make almoſt any thing deſireable to us. I feel your abſence more than ever, at the ſame time I can leſs expreſs my regards to you than ever; and ſhall make this, which is the moſt ſincere letter I ever writ to you, the ſhorteſt and fainteſt perhaps of any you have received. 'Tis enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any perſon when one's mind is taken up with a ſenſible ſorrow, is a great degree of friendſhip. I can ſay no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wiſh it may be very long before any of yours ſhall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

LETTER XI.

Rentcomb in Glouceſterſhire, Oct. 3, 1721.

YOUR kind letter has overtaken me here, ſo I have been in and about this country ever ſince your departure. I am well pleaſed to date this from a place ſo well known to Mrs. Blount, where

rite as if I were dictated to by her anceſtors, whoſe ces are all upon me. I fear none ſo much as Sir hriſtopher Guiſe, who, being in his ſhirt, ſeems as eady to combate me, as her own Sir John was to lemoliſh Duke Lancaſtere. I dare ſay your lady will recollect his figure. I look'd upon the manſion, walls, and terraces; the plantations, and ſlopes, which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and riſing woods; with a veneration mix'd with a pleaſure, that repreſented her to me in thoſe puerile amuſements, which engaged her ſo many years ago in this place. I fancied I ſaw her ſober over a ſampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare ſay ſhe did one thing more, even in thoſe early times; "remember'd her Creator in the days of her "youth."

You deſcribe ſo well your hermitical ſtate of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you, for a cave in a rock, with a fine ſpring, or any of the accommodations that befit a ſolitary. Only I don't remember to have read, that any of thoſe venerable and holy perſonages took with them a lady, and begat ſons and daughters. You muſt modeſtly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I ſhould rather rank you with Sir Amadis, and his fellows. If piety be ſo romantic, I ſhall turn hermit in good earneſt; for, I ſee, one may go ſo far as to be poetical, and hope to ſave one's ſoul at the ſame time. I really wiſh myſelf ſomething more, that is, a prophet; for I

wiſh I were, as Habbakkuk, to be taken by the hair of his head, and viſit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging in ſaying, I have now a whole family upon my hands to whom to diſcharge the part of a friend; I aſſure you, I like them all ſo well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and conſequently them mine. I ſtill ſee them walking on my green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the inſtructions they gave me how to ſlide down and trip up the ſteepeſt ſlopes of my mount.

Pray think of me ſometimes, as I ſhall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is,

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

Oct. 21, 1721.

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of enquiring after me, among the firſt concerns of life, at your reſuſcitation, ſhould have been ſooner anſwer'd and acknowledged. I ſincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illneſs which gave me leſs pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I ſhould have elſe been ſeriouſly and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think *it a fine* and a natural thought, which I lately read

in a letter of Montaigne's publiſh'd by P. Coſte, giving an account of the laſt words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu, my friend! the pain I feel "will ſoon be over; but I grieve for that you are to "feel, which is to laſt you for life."

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man ſomewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance, put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoune ſaid one day to me. "Alas, I have nothing to do but to "die; I am a poor individual; no creature to wiſh, "or to fear, for my life or death: 'Tis the only "reaſon I have to repent being a ſingle man; now "I grow old, I am like a tree without a prop, and "without young trees to grow round me, for com-"pany and defence."

I hope the gout will ſoon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards, except the gout. Pray come, and never ſtir from us again. Do away your dirty acres, caſt them to dirty people, ſuch as in the ſcripture-phraſe poſſeſs the land. Shake off your earth like the noble animal in Milton,

The tawny lyon, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, he ſprings as broke from bonds,
And rampant ſhakes his brinded main: the ounce,
The lizard, and the tiger, as the mole

Riſing, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks!

But, I believe, Milton never thought theſe fine verſes of his ſhould be apply'd to a man ſelling a parcel of dirty acres; tho' in the main, I think it may have ſome reſemblance. For, God knows! this little ſpace of ground nouriſhes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did thoſe creatures, till we can make it looſe, at leaſt in our affections and deſires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you: let Mrs. Blount know that ſhe is in the liſt of my *Memento, Domine, famulorum famularumque's*, &c. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that even when it looks brigheſt, waſtes faſteſt. I am (as you will ſee from the whole air of this letter) not in the gayeſt nor eaſieſt humour, but always with ſincerity,

Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

June 27, 1723.

YOU may truly do me the juſtice to think no man is more your ſincere well-wiſher than myſelf, or more the ſincere well-wiſher of your whole family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one an-

ther ſo well; and for enjoying the ſweets of that life, which can only be taſted by people of good-will.

They from all ſhades the darkneſs can exclude,
And from a deſart baniſh ſolitude.

Torbay is a paradiſe, and a ſtorm is but an amuſement to ſuch people. If you drink Tea upon a promontory that over-hangs the ſea, it is preferable to an Aſſembly: and the whiſtling of the wind better muſic to contented and loving minds, than the Opera to the ſpleenful, ambitious, diſeas'd, diſtaſted, and diſtracted ſouls which this world affords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they, who are baniſh'd from us: but happier they, who can baniſh themſelves; or more properly baniſh the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very ſublime, and to include more than a hundred ſentences that might be writ to expreſs diſtraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual buſineſs of having no buſineſs to do. You'll wonder I reckon tranſlating the Odyſſey as nothing. But whenever I think ſeriouſly (and of late I have met with ſo many occaſions of thinking ſeriouſly, that I begin never to think otherwiſe) I cannot but think theſe things very idle; as idle as if a beaſt of burden ſhould go on gingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever ſerving his maſter.

Life's vain Amuſements, amidſt which we dw
Not weigh'd, or underſtood, by the grim God of I

ſaid a heathen poet; as he is tranſlated by a chri
Biſhop, who has, firſt by his exhortations, and
by his example, taught me to think as becon
reaſonable creature—but he is gone!

I remember I promis'd to write to you, as
as I ſhould hear you were got home. You
look on this as the firſt day I've been myſelf,
paſs over the mad interval un-imputed to me.
punctual a correſpondent I ſhall hence-forwar
able or not able to be, God knows: but he kr
I ſhall ever be a punctual and grateful friend,
all the good wiſhes of ſuch an one will ever a
you.

LETTER XIV.

Twick'nam, June 2, 1

YOU ſhew yourſelf a juſt man and a frie
thoſe gueſſes and ſuppoſitions you make
poſſible reaſons of my ſilence; every one of
is a true one. As to forgetfulneſs of you, or
I aſſure you, the promiſcuous converſations
town ſerve only to put me in mind of better
more quiet, to be had in a corner of the work
diſturb'd, innocent, ſerene, and ſenſible) with
as you. Let no acceſs of any diſtruſt mak

think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the moſt ſunſhiny weather. Let the young ladies be aſſured I make nothing new in my gardens without wiſhing to ſee the print of their fairy ſteps in every part of them. I have put the laſt hand to my works of this kind, in happily finiſhing the ſubterraneous way and grotto: I there found a ſpring of the cleareſt water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes thro' the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you ſee thro' my arch up a walk of the wilderneſs, to a kind of open Temple, wholly compos'd of ſhells in the ruſtic manner; and from that diſtance under the temple you look down thro' a ſloping arcade of trees, and ſee the ſails on the river paſſing ſuddenly and vaniſhing, as thro' a perſpective glaſs. When you ſhut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the inſtant, from a luminous room, a *Camera obſcura*; on the walls of which all objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their viſible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different ſcene; it is finiſhed with ſhells interſperſed with pieces of looking-glaſs in angular forms; and in the cieling is a ſtar of the ſame material, at which when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaſter) is hung in the middle, a thouſand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower paſſage two porches, one towards the river of ſmooth

ſtones full of light, and open; the other toward th Garden ſhadow'd with trees, rough with ſhells, flints and iron-ore. The bottom is paved with ſimpl pebble, as is alſo the adjoining walk up the wilder neſs to the temple, in the natural taſte, agreeing no ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquati idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to com plete it but a good ſtatue with an inſcription, lik that beautiful antique one which you know I am ſ fond of,

Hujus Nymphæ loci, ſacri cuſtodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ ſentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quiſquis tangis cava marmora, ſomnum
Rumpere; ſi bibas, ſibi lavere, tace.

Nymph of the grot, theſe ſacred ſprings I keep,
And to the murmur of theſe waters ſleep;
Ah ſpare my ſlumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in ſilence, or in ſilence lave!

You'll think I have been very poetical in this deſcription, but it is pretty near the truth. I wiſh you were here to bear teſtimony how little it owes to Art either the place itſelf, or the image I give of it.

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

Sept. 13, 1725.

ıhould be aſham'd to own the receipt of a very kind letter from you, two whole months from late of this; if I were not more aſhamed to tell e, or to make an excuſe, which is worſe than a (for being built upon ſome probable circum-ːe, it makes uſe of a degree of truth to falſify ı, and is a lye guarded.) Your letter has been ıy pocket in conſtant wearing, till that, and the ɛet, and the ſuit are worn out; by which means ıve read it forty times, and I find by ſo doing I have not enough conſidered and reflected up-many others you have obliged me with; for friendſhip, as they ſay of good writing, will reviewing a thouſand times, and ſtill diſcover beauties.

have had a fever, a ſhort one, but a violent: I now well; ſo it ſhall take up no more of this ɛr.

begin now to expect you in town to make the ter to come more tolerable to us both. The mer is a kind of heaven, when we wander in a ıdiſaical ſcene among groves and gardens; but his ſeaſon, we are, like our poor firſt parents, ı'd out of that agreeable though ſolitary life, and ed to look about for more people to help to

bear our labours, to get into warmer houſe live together in cities.

I hope you are long ſince perfectly reſtor'd riſen from your gout, happy in the delights of tented family, ſmiling at ſtorms, laughing at neſs, merry over a chriſtmas-fire, and exerciſi the functions of an old Patriarch in charity an ſpitality. I will not tell Mrs. B* what I think doing; for I conclude it is her opinion, that h ought to know it for whom it is done; and ſh allow herſelf to be far enough advanced above lady, not to deſire to ſhine before men.

Your daughters perhaps may have ſome thoughts, which even their mother muſt excuſe for, becauſe ſhe is a mother. I will not hov ſuppoſe thoſe thoughts get the better of their tions, but rather excite them and aſſiſt the wa of them; while their prayer may be, that they raiſe up and breed as irreproachable a young fi as their parents have done. In a word, I fancy all well, eaſy, and happy, juſt as I wiſh you; next to that, I wiſh you all with me.

Next to God, is a good man: next in dig and next in value. *Minuiſti eum paullo minus al gelis.* If therefore I wiſh well to the good an deſerving, and deſire they only ſhould be my co nions and correſpondents, I muſt very ſoon and much think of you. I want your company, your example. Pray make haſte to town, ſo as again to leave us: diſcharge the load of earth

lies on you, like one of the mountains under which, the poets ſay, the giants (the men of the earth) are whelmed: leave earth, to the ſons of the earth, your converſation is in heaven. Which that it may be accompliſh'd in us all, is the prayer of him who maketh this ſhort Sermon; value (to you) three-pence. Adieu.

Mr. Blount died in London the following Year 1726.

LETTER

TO AND FROM

The Hon. ROBERT DIGB

From 1714 to 1727.

LETTER I.

To the Hon. ROBERT DIGBY.

June 2, 171

I Had pleas'd myſelf ſooner in writing to you, that I have been your ſucceſſor in a fit of ſ neſs, and am not yet ſo much recovered, but th have thoughts of uſing your * phyſicians. They as grave perſons as any of the faculty, and (like ancients) carry their own medicaments about them. But indeed the moderns are ſuch lover raillery, that nothing is grave enough to eſc them. Let them laugh, but people will ſtill h their opinions: as they think our doctors aſſe them, we'll think them aſſes to our Doctors.

* Aſſes,

I am glad you are ſo much in a better ſtate of health, as to allow me to jeſt about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was ſo very ſerious, that I almoſt take it ill Dr. Evans ſhould tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more ſuch people were to leave the world, I would not give ſix-pence to ſtay in it.

I am not ſo much concerned as to the point whether you are to live fat or lean: moſt men of wit or honeſty are uſually decreed to live very lean, ſo I am inclined to the opinion that 'tis decreed you ſhall; however be comforted, and reflect, that you'll make the better Buſto for it.

'Tis ſomething particular in you, not to be ſatisfied with ſending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolic. Mr. Whartōn forced me to take Gorboduc, which has ſince done me great credit with ſeveral people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham ſome diſ-kindneſs, in ſhewing there is as much difference between their Gorboduc and this, as between Queen Anne, and King George. It is truly a ſcandal, that men ſhould write with contempt of a piece which they never once ſaw, as thoſe two poets did, who were ignorant even of the ſex, as well as ſenſe, of Gorboduc.

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute you took up all my mind; the next I ſhall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briſeis. I ſhall be Achilles's humble ſervant theſe two months (with the good

leave of all my friends.) I have no ambition ſc ſtrong at preſent, as that noble one of Sir Salathie Lovel, recorder of London, to furniſh out a decen and plentiful execution, of Greeks and Trojans. I is not to be expreſs'd how heartily I wiſh the deatl of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lor preſerve me in the day of battle, which is juſt ap proaching! join in your prayers for me, and knov me to be always

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

London, March 31, 1718.

TO convince you how little pain I give my ſelf in correſponding with men of good n ture and good underſtanding, you ſee I omit to a ſwer your letters till a time, when another ma would be aſhamed to own he had received then If therefore you are ever moved on my account t that ſpirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as quotidian ague, I mean the ſpirit of goodneſs: Pr never ſtint it, in any fear of obliging me to a civili beyond my natural inclination. I dare truſt yo Sir, not only with my folly when I write, but wi my negligence when I do not; and expect equal your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you thro' the reſt this paper, it ſhould be ſpotted and diverſified wi

ts all over; you ſhould be put out of breath
aughter at each ſentence, and pauſe at each
, to look back over how much wit you have
. But I have found by experience that people
-days regard writing as little as they do preach-
the moſt we can hope is to be heard juſt with
:y and patience, once a week, by folks in the
ry. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine
g, and we whiſtle at a ſermon. The ſtage is
ily place we ſeem alive at; there indeed we
and roar, and clap hands for K. George,
ie government. As for all other virtues but
oyalty, they are an obſolete train, ſo ill-dreſs'd,
nen, women, and children hiſs them out of all
company.

umility knocks ſo ſneakingly at the door, that
footman outraps it, and makes it give way to
ree entrance of pride, prodigality, and vain-

r Lady Scudamore, from having ruſticated in
company too long, really behaves herſelf ſcan-
ſly among us: ſhe pretends to open her eyes
ie ſake of ſeeing the ſun, and to ſleep becauſe
night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and
ought to have ſaid her prayers before; talks,
out any manner of ſhame, of good books, and
ot ſeen Cibber's play of the Non-juror. I re-
l the other day to ſee a libel on her toilette,
h gives me ſome hope that you have, at leaſt,
e of ſcandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wiſh you wel but as I cannot entirely deſire the ruin of all the jo of this city, ſo all that remains is to wiſh you wo keep your happineſs to yourſelves, that the happie here may not die with envy at a bliſs which they can not attain to.

I am, &c.

LETTER III.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Coleſhill, April 17, 1718.

I Have read your letter over and over with de light. By your deſcription of the town, I ima gine it to lie under ſome great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining, ſince you do not fly thoſe horrible monſters, rapine, diſſimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you, and you cannot eſcape. We are here in the coun try in quite another world, ſurrounded with bleſſing and pleaſures, without any occaſion of exerciſing our iraſcible faculties; indeed we cannot boaſt o good breeding and the art of life, but yet we don' live unpleaſantly in primitive ſimplicity and good humour. The faſhions of the town affect us but ju like a raree-ſhow; we have a curioſity to peep a *them*, and nothing more. What you call pride

lity, and vain-glory, we cannot find in pomp lendor at this diſtance; it appears to us a ittering ſcene, which if we don't envy you, nk you happier than we are, in your enjoy-

Whatever you may think to perſuade us of mility of virtue, and her appearing in rags ſt you, we can never believe; our uninform'd repreſent her ſo noble to us, that we neceſſa- nex ſplendor to her: and we could as ſoon e the order of things inverted, and that there ıan in the moon, as believe the contrary. I orbear telling you we indeed read the ſpoils ıe as boys do the Engliſh rogue, and hug our- ull as much over it; yet our roſes are not t thorns. Pray give me the pleaſure of hear- ıen you are at leiſure) how ſoon I may ex- ſee the next volume of Homer.

I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

May 1, 1720.

ı'll think me very full of myſelf, when after ɔng ſilence (which however, to ſay truth, her been employed to contemplate of you, forget you) I begin to talk of my own works. t is in the finiſhing a book, as in concluding *of Parliament*, one always thinks it will be

very ſoon, and finds it very late. There are many unlook'd-for incidents to retard the clearing any public account, and ſo I ſee it is in mine. I have plagued myſelf, like great miniſters, with undertaking too much for one man; and with a deſire of doing more than was expected from me, have done leſs than I ought.

For having deſign'd four very laborious and uncommon ſort of Indexes to Homer, I'm forc'd, for want of time, to publiſh two only; the deſign of which you will own to be pretty, tho' far from being fully executed. I've alſo been obliged to leave unfiniſh'd in my deſk the heads of two Eſſays, one on the Theology and morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they muſt wait for future editions, or periſh and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem*. I think of you every day, I aſſure you, even without ſuch good memorials of you as your ſiſters, with whom I ſometimes talk of you, and find it one of the moſt agreeable of all ſubjects to them. My Lord Digby muſt be perpetually remember'd by all who ever knew him, or knew his children. There needs no more than an acquaintance with your family, to make all elder ſons wiſh they had fathers to their lives end.

I can't touch upon the ſubject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old-woman, who has a ſincere, hearty, old-faſhion'd reſpect for you, and *conſtantly* blames her ſon for not having writ to you *oftener* to tell you ſo.

I very much wiſh (but what ſignifies my wiſhing? lady Scudamore wiſhes, your ſiſters wiſh) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contraſte this ſeaſon affords us, of the town and the country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your friend Mr. Johnſon of Twickenham is) in this warmer ſeaſon. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded ſun, at the ſame time that its banks retain the verdure of ſhowers: our gardens are offering their firſt noſegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are ſtretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer ever hour; the birds are paying their thankſgiving ſongs for the new habitations I have made them; my building riſes high enough to attract the eye and curioſity of the paſſenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he enquires what houſe is falling, or what church is riſing? So little taſte have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their ſtreams, my Tuſcan Porticos, or Ionic Pilaſters.

But (to deſcend from all this pomp of ſtyle) the beſt account of what I am building, is, that it will afford me a few pleaſant rooms for ſuch a friend as yourſelf, or a cool ſituation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when ſhe will do me the honour (at this public houſe on the road) to drink her own cyder.

The moment I am writing this, I am ſurpriz with the account of the death of a friend of min which makes all I have here been talking of, a me jeſt! Building, gardens, writings, pleaſures, work of whatever ſtuff man can raiſe! none of them (G knows) capable of advantaging a creature that mortal, or of ſatisfying a ſoul that is immorta Dear Sir,

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

From Mr. DIGBY.

May 21, 1720

YOUR letter, which I had two poſts ag was very medicinal to me; and I hearti thank you for the relief it gave me. I was ſick the thoughts of my not having in all this time giv you any teſtimony of the affection I owe you, a which I as conſtantly indeed feel as I think of yo This indeed was a troubleſome ill to me, till, aft reading your letter, I found it was a moſt idle we imagination to think I could ſo offend you. Of the impreſſions you have made upon me, I never r ceiv'd any with greater joy than this of your abu dant good-nature, which bids me be aſſured of ſo *ſhare of* your affections.

I had many other pleaſures from your letter: hat your mother remembers me is a very ſincere joy o me; I cannot but reflect how alike you are; from he time you do any one a favour, you think your- elf obliged as thoſe that have received one. This s indeed an old-faſhioned reſpect, hardly to be ound out of your houſe. I have great hopes, how- ver, to ſee many old-faſhioned virtues revive, ſince ou have made our age in love with Homer; I hear- ily wiſh you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, he joy of ſeeing a reformation from your works. I m in doubt whether I ſhould congratulate your aving finiſhed Homer, while the two eſſays you ention are not completed; but if you expect no reat trouble from finiſhing theſe, I heartily rejoice ith you.

I have ſome faint notion of the beauties of Twic- enham from what I here ſee round me. The ver- ure of ſhowers is poured upon every tree and field bout us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to he eye every morning, the hedges breath is beyond ll perfume, and the ſong of birds we hear as well s you. But tho' I hear and ſee all this, yet I think hey would delight me more if you was here. I ound the want of theſe at Twickenham while I as there with you, by which I gueſs what an in- reaſe of charms it muſt now have. How kind is it n you to wiſh me there, and how unfortunate are my circumſtances that allow me not to viſit you? If I ſee you, I *muſt leave* my father alone, and this un-

eaſy thought would diſappoint all my propoſed pl
ſures; the ſame circumſtance will prevent my pr
ſpect of many happy hours with you in Lord E
thurſt's wood, and I fear of ſeeing you till winte
unleſs Lady Scudamore comes to Sherborne, in whi
caſe I ſhall preſs you to ſee Dorſetſhire, as you pr
poſed. May you have a long enjoyment of yo
new favourite Portico.

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 9, 1720

THE London language and converſation is, find, quite changed ſince I left it, tho' it not above three or four months ago. No viole change in the natural world ever aſtoniſhed a Pl loſopher ſo much as this does me. I hope t will calm all Party rage, and introduce more hum nity than has of late obtained in converſation. ſcandal will ſure be laid aſide, for there can be ſuch diſeaſe any more as Spleen in this new gol age. I am pleaſed with the thoughts of ſeeing thing but a general good humour when I come to town; I rejoice in the univerſal riches I hear in the thought of their having this effect. They me you was ſoon content; and that you cared

for ſuch an increaſe as others wiſhed you. By this account I judge you the richeſt man in the South-ſea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wiſh you only an increaſe of health, for of riches and fame you have enough.

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

July 20, 1720.

YOUR kind deſire to know the ſtate of my health had not been unſatisfied ſo long, had not that ill ſtate been the impediment. Nor ſhould I have ſeem'd an unconcern'd party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from lady Scudamore, whoſe ſhort Eſchantillon of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the ſhort glympſe of a viſion afforded to ſome devout hermit; for it includes (as thoſe revelations do) a promiſe of a better life in the Elyſian groves of Cirenceſter, whither, I could ſay almoſt in the ſtyle of a ſermon, the Lord bring us all, &c. Thither may we tend, by various ways, to one bliſsful bower: thither may health, peace, and good humour wait upon us as aſſociates: thither may whole cargoes of nectar (liquor of life and longevity!) by mortals call'd ſpaw-water, be conveyed; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh garlands crown
Quaff immortality and joy.

When I ſpeak of garlands, I ſhould not for the green veſtments and ſcarfs which your ſiſt promis'd to make for this purpoſe: I expect you in green, with a hunting-horn by your ſide, an green hat, the model of which you may take fr Oſborne's deſcription of King James the firſt.

What words, what numbers, what oratory, what poetry, can ſuffice, to expreſs how infinitel eſteem, value, love, and deſire you all, above all great ones of this part of the world; above all Jews, jobbers, bubblers, ſubſcribers, projectors, rectors, governors, treaſurers, &c. &c. &c. *in ſæ ſæculorum.*

Turn your eyes and attention from this miſer mercenary period: and turn yourſelf, in a juſt c tempt of theſe ſons of Mammon, to the contem tion of books, gardens, and marriage: in whi now leave you, and return (wretch that I am! water-gruel and Palladio.

I am, &c

LETTER VIII.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 30.

I Congratulate you, dear Sir, on the return of the Golden-age, for ſure this muſt be ſuch, in which money is ſhower'd down in ſuch abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral golden-age to us. I have ſome omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the Muſes delight to be near a Court, when I find you frequently with a Firſt-miniſter, I can't but expect from ſuch an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know, you deſire to bring them into honour, above the golden Image which is ſet up and worſhipped; and, if you cannot effect it, adieu to all ſuch hopes. You ſeem to intimate in yours another face of things from this inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour would no more engage our paſſions in the pleaſurable purſuit of them, tho' aſſiſted by this increaſe: if ſo, and if monſters only as various as thoſe of Nile ariſe from this abundance, who that has any ſpleen about him will not haſte to town to laugh? What will become of the play-houſe? who will go thither, while there is ſuch entertainment in the ſtreets? I hope we ſhall neither want good Satire nor Comedy; if we do, the age may well be

thought barren of genius's, for none has ever produced better ſubjects.

Yours, &c.

LETTER IX.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Coleſhill, Nov. 12, 1720.

I Find in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the public Spirit ſo much admired in old Rome, of ſacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the common-wealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friend who have ſuffered in the S. Sea, than for the public, which is ſaid to be undone by it. But, I hope the reaſon is, that I do not ſee ſo evidently the ruin of the public to be a conſequence of it, as I do the loſs of my friends. I fear there are few beſide yourſelf that will be perſuaded by old Heſiod, that *half is more than the whole*. I know not whether I do not rejoyce in your Sufferings *; ſince they have ſhewn me your mind is principled with ſuch a ſentiment, I aſſure you I expect from it a performance greater ſtill than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind;

Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus alumno?

* *See note on v.* of the Second Satire, ii. Book of Horace

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could ſhew you to my eye in ſo much ſplendor. I would not indulge this fit of philoſophy ſo far as to be tedious to you, elſe I could proſecute it with pleaſure.

I long to ſee you, your Mother, and your Villa; till then I will ſay nothing of Lord Bathurſt's wood, which I ſaw in my return hither. Soon after Chriſtmas I deſign for London, where I ſhall miſs Lady Scudamore very much, who intends to ſtay in the country all winter. I am angry with her, as I am like to ſuffer by this reſolution, and would fain blame her, but cannot find a cauſe. The man is curſed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen, yet I can uſe it with pleaſure to ſend my ſervices to your good mother, and to write myſelf

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

Sept: 1, 1722.

DOctor Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will ſtay there a fortnight or more: perhaps you would be comforted to have a ſight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a Doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better Doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. Mary Digby: ſhe needed only to follow his hints, to be in eternal buſineſs and amuſement of mind, and even *as active* as ſhe could deſire. But in-

deed I fear ſhe would out-walk him; for (as De
Swift obſerv'd to me the very firſt time I ſaw t
Doctor) "He is a man that can do every thing b
"walk." His brother, who is lately come in
England, goes alſo to the Bath; and is a more e
traordinary man than he, worth your going thith
on purpoſe to know him. The ſpirit of Phila
thropy, ſo long dead to our world, is reviv'd in hi
he is a philoſopher all of fire; ſo warmly, nay
wildly in the right, that he forces all others abo
him to be ſo too, and draws them into his own Vo
tex. He is a ſtar that looks as if it were all fir
but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial infl
ence. If there be other men in the world that wou
ſerve a friend, yet he is the only one, I believe, th
could make even an enemy ſerve a friend.

As all human life is chequer'd and mixed wi
acquiſitions and loſſes (tho' the latter are more ce
tain and irremediable, than the former laſting
ſatisfactory) ſo at the time I have gain'd the a
quaintance of one worthy man I have loſt anothe
a very eaſy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbou
Mr. Stonor. 'Tis certain the loſs of one of th
character puts us naturally upon ſetting a great
value on the few that are left, tho' the degree
our eſteem may be different. Nothing, ſays Senec
is ſo melancholy a circumſtance in human life,
ſo ſoon reconciles us to the thought of our own deat
as the reflection and proſpect of one friend after an
other dropping round us! Who would ſtand alon

the ſole remaining ruin, the laſt tottering column of all the fabric of friendſhip; once ſo large, ſeemingly ſo ſtrong, and yet ſo ſuddenly ſunk and buried?

I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

I Have belief enough in the goodneſs of your whole family, to think you will all be pleas'd that I am arriv'd in ſafety at Twickenham; tho' it is a ſort of earneſt that you will be troub'ed again with me, at Sherburne, or Coleſhill; for however I may like one of your places, it may be in that as in liking one of your family; when one ſees the reſt, one likes them all. Pray make my ſervices acceptable to them; I wiſh them all the happineſs they may want, and the continuance of all the happineſs they have; and I take the latter to comprize a great deal more than the former. I muſt ſeparate Lady Scudamore from you, as I fear, ſhe will do herſelf before this letter reaches you: ſo I wiſh her a good journey, and I hope one day to try if ſhe lives as well as you do: tho' I much queſtion if ſhe can live as quietly: I ſuſpect the Bells will be ringing at her arrival, and on her own and Miſs Scudamore's birthdays, and that all the Clergy in the country come to pay reſpects; both the Clergy and their Bells expecting from her, and from the young Lady, further buſineſs and further employment. Beſides all this, *there dwells on the one* ſide of her the Lord Co-

ningſby, and on the other Mr. W*. Yet I ſha
when the days and the years come about, adventu
upon all this for her ſake.

I beg my Lord Digby to think me a better ma
than to content myſelf with thanking him in th
common way. I am, in as ſincere a ſenſe of th
word, his ſervant; as you are his ſon, or he yo
father.

I muſt in my turn inſiſt upon hearing how my h
fellow-travellers got home from Clarendon, and d
fire Mr. Philips to remember me in his Cyder, a
to tell Mr. W* that I am dead and buried.

I wiſh the young ladies, whom I almoſt robb
of their good name, a better name in return, (ev
that very name to each of them, which they ſha
like beſt, for the ſake of the man that bears it.)

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

1722

YOUR making a ſort of apology for your n
writing, is a very genteel reproof to me.
know I was to blame, but I know I did not inte
to be ſo, and (what is the happieſt knowledge
the world) I know you will forgive me: for ſu
nothing is more ſatisfactory than to be certain of ſu
a friend as will overlook one's failings, ſince eve
ſuch inſtance is a conviction of his kindneſs.

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, a
never to riſe to actions, I have but too much re

gentle diſpoſition which I experience in you.
ope better things of myſelf, and fully pur-
make you a viſit this ſummer at Sherburne.
d you are all upon removal very ſpeedily, and
's. Mary Digby talks in a letter to Lady Scu-
, of ſeeing my Lord Bathurſt's wood in her
How much I wiſh to be her guide thro' that
ed foreſt, is not to be expreſt: I look upon
as the magician appropriated to the place,
whom no mortal can penetrate into the re-
of thoſe ſacred ſhades. I could paſs whole
n only deſcribing to her the future, and as
nary beauties, that are to riſe in thoſe ſcenes:
ice that is to be built, the pavillions that are
r, the colonades that are to adorn them:
re, the meeting of the Thames and the Se-
hich (when the noble owner has finer dreams
linary) are to be led into each other's em-
hro' ſecret caverns of not above twelve or
niles, till they riſe and celebrate their mar-
the midſt of an immenſe amphitheatre, which
the admiration of poſterity, a hundred years
But till the deſtin'd time ſhall arrive that is
feſt theſe wonders, Mrs. Digby muſt content
with ſeeing what is at preſent no more than
ſt wood in England.
objects that attract this part of the world,
a quite different nature. Women of quality
urn'd followers of the camp in Hyde-park
r, whither all the town reſort to magnificent

entertainments given by the officers, &c. The S
thian Ladies that dwelt in the waggons of war, w
not more closely attached to the luggage. The
trons, like those of Sparta, attend their sons to
field, to be witnesses of their glorious deeds;
the maidens with all their charms display'd, p
voke the spirit of the Soldiers: Tea and Co
supply the place of Lacedemonian black br
This camp seems crown'd with perpetual vict
for every sun that rises in the thunder of cann
sets in the music of violins. Nothing is yet w
ing but the constant presence of the Princess, to
present the *Mater Exercitus*.

At Twickenham the world goes otherwise. T
are certain old people who take up all my time,
will hardly allow me to keep any other comp
They were introduced here by a man of their
sort, who has made me perfectly rude to all
temporaries, and won't so much as suffer me to
upon them. The person I complain of is the
shop of Rochester. Yet he allows me (from sc
thing he has heard of your character, and th
your family, as if you were of the old sect of
ralists) to write three or four sides of paper to
and to tell you (what these sort of people never
but with truth and religious sincerity) that I
and ever will be,

Your, &c

LETTER XIII.

THE ſame reaſon that hinder'd your writing, hinder'd mine, the pleaſing expectation to ſee you in town. Indeed ſince the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother (whom it is natural and reaſonable I ſhould rejoice with, as well as grieve) I could the better bear your abſence from London, for I could hardly have ſeen you there; and it would not have been quite reaſonable to have drawn you to a ſick room hither from the firſt embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, tho' not ſo much as yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the good nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we ſit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account, that it is the very warmeſt in the houſe; we and our fires will equally ſmile upon your face. There is a Perſian proverb that ſays (I think very prettily) "The converſation of a friend "brightens the eyes." This I take to be a ſplendor ſtill more agreeable than the fires you ſo delightfully deſcribe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-ſide in the metaphorical ſenſe, that is, all thoſe of your family who make it pleaſing to ſit and ſpend whole wintry months together, (a far more rational delight, and better felt by an honeſt heart, than all the gla-

ring entertainments, numerous lights, and falſe dors, of an Aſſembly of empty heads, aking and falſe faces.) This is my ſincere wiſh to y yours.

You ſay you propoſe much pleaſure in ſeein few faces about town of my acquaintance: you mean Mrs. Howard's and Mrs. Blount's. I aſſure you, you ought to take as much plea their hearts, if they are what they ſometimes with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all, a very ſervant.

LETTER XIV.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, Aug. 14,

I Can't return from ſo agreeable an enterta as yours in the country, without acknowl it. I thank you heartily for the new agreeal of life you there gave me; It will remain lo me, for it is very ſtrongly impreſſed upon m gination. I repeat the memory of it often, a value that faculty of the mind now more tha for the power it gives me of being enterta your villa, when abſent from it. As you are ſed of all the pleaſures of the country, ar think, of a right mind, what can I wiſh y health to enjoy them? This I ſo heartily do,

ſhould be even glad to hear your good mother might loſe all her preſent pleaſures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing them it is unneceſſary.

I am troubled and ſhall be ſo till I hear you have receiv'd this letter: for you gave me the greateſt pleaſure imaginable in yours, and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any ways deſerve that friendly warmth and affection with which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and eſteem for you: ſo truly, that I ſhould loſe the greateſt pleaſure of my life if I loſt your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the claſs of honeſt men; for tho' I am not troubled over-much about the opinion moſt may have of me, yet, I own, it would grieve me not to be thought well of, by you and ſome few others. I will not doubt my own ſtrength, yet I have this further ſecurity to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your eſteem with it.

Perpetual diſorder and ill health have for ſome years ſo diſguiſed me, that, I ſometimes fear I do not to my beſt friends enough appear what I really am. Sickneſs is a great oppreſſor; it does great injury to a zealous heart, ſtifling its warmth, and not ſuffering it to break out in action. But, I hope, I ſhall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that pleaſe me too, tho' not ſo well grounded; theſe are, that you may yet make a journey weſtward with Lord Bathurſt; but of the pro-

bability of this I do not venture to reaſon, becau would not part with the pleaſure of that belief. grieves me to think how far I am removed fr you, and from that excellent Lord, whom I lo Indeed I remember him, as one that has made ſ neſs eaſy to me, by bearing with my infirmities the ſame manner that you have always done. often too conſider him in other lights that make l valuable to me. With him, I know not by w connection, you never fail to come into my mi as if you were inſeparable. I have, as you gu many philoſophical reveries in the ſhades of Sir W ter Raleigh, of which you are a great part. Y generally enter there with me, and like a g Genius, applaud and ſtrengthen all my ſentim that have honour in them. This good office wh you have often done me unknowingly, I muſt knowledge now, that my own breaſt may not proach me with ingratitude, and diſquiet me wh would muſe again in that ſolemn ſcene. I h not room now left to aſk you many queſtions I tended about the Odyſſey. I beg I may know h far you have carried Ulyſſes on his journey, how you have been entertained with him on way? I deſire I may hear of your health, of P Pope's, and of every thing elſe that belongs to y

How thrive your garden plants? how look trees? how ſpring the Brocoli and the Fenoc hard names to ſpell! how did the poppies bloc *and how* is the great-room approv'd? what pa

have you had of pleaſure? what in the grotto? what upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours paſs, all you ſay, and all you do; of which I ſhould queſtion you yet farther, but my paper is full and ſpares you. My brother Ned is wholly yours, and ſo my father deſires to be, and every ſoul here whoſe name is Digby. My ſiſter will be yours in particular. What can I add more?

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

October 10.

I Was upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to Bermudas, even to that *undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn No traveller returns!*

A fever carried me on the high gallop towards it for ſix or ſeven days——But here you have me now, and that is all I ſhall ſay of it: ſince which time an impertinent lameneſs kept me at home twice as long; as if fate ſhould ſay (after the other dangerous illneſs) "You ſhall neither go into the other "world, nor any where you like in this." Elſe who knows but I had been at Hom-lacy?

I conſpire in your ſentiments, emulate your pleaſures, wiſh for your company. You are all of one heart and one ſoul, as was ſaid of the primitive Chriſtians: 'tis like the kingdom of the juſt upon earth; not a *wicked wretch* to interrupt you, but a ſet of

try'd, experienced friends, and fellow-comfort
who have ſeen evil men and evil days; and have
a ſuperior rectitude of heart ſet yourſelves above the
and reap your reward. Why will you ever, of y
own accord, end ſuch a millennary year in Londo
tranſmigrate (if I may ſo call it) into other cr
tures, in that ſcene of folly militant, when you m
reign for ever at Hom-lacy in ſenſe and reaſon t
umphant? I appeal to a third Lady in your fami
whom I take to be the moſt innocent, and the le
warp'd by idle faſhion and cuſtom of you all;
appeal to her, if you are not every ſoul of you b
ter people, better companions, and happier, whe
you are? I deſire her opinion under her hand
your next letter, I mean Miſs Scudamore's *. I a
confident if ſhe would or durſt ſpeak her ſenſe, a
employ that reaſoning which God has given her,
infuſe more thoughtfulneſs into you all; thoſe arg
ments could not fail to put you to the bluſh, a
keep you out of town, like people ſenſible of yo
own felicities. I am not without hopes, if ſhe c
detain a parliament-man and a lady of quality fro
the world one winter, that I may come upon yc
with ſuch irreſiſtible arguments another year, as ma
carry you all with me to Bermudas †, the ſeat of a
earthly happineſs, and the new Jeruſalem of th
righteous.

* Afterwards Ducheſs of Beaufort, at this time very young.

† About this time the Rev. Dean Berkley conceived his pr
ject of erecting a ſettlement in Bermudas for the Propagation
the Chriſtian faith, and introduction of Sciences into America.

Don't talk of the decay of the year, the ſeaſon is good where the people are ſo: 'tis the beſt time of the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves, the proſpects begin to open, thro' the thinner woods, over the valleys; and thro' the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and ſcatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the froſts are freſh and wholeſome: what would you have? the Moon ſhines too, tho' not for Lovers theſe cold nights, but for Aſtronomers.

Have ye not reflecting Teleſcopes *, whereby ye may innocently magnify her ſpots and blemiſhes? Content yourſelves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting Teleſcopes, and where thoſe of all others are equally ſuch upon their neighbours. Stay you at leaſt (for what I've ſaid before relates only to the ladies: don't imagine I'll write about any Eyes but theirs) ſtay, I ſay, from that idle, buſy-looking Sanhedrin, where wiſdom or no wiſdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

If, after all, you will deſpiſe good advice, and reſolve to come to London, here you will find me, doing juſt the things I ſhould not, living where I ſhould not, and as worldly, as idle, in a word as much an Anti-Bermudaniſt as any body. Dear Sir, make the ladies know I am their ſervant, you know I am

Yours, &c.

* Theſe inſtruments were juſt then brought to perfection.

LETTER XVI.

Aug. 1

I Have been above a month ſtrolling about Buckinghamſhire and Oxfordſhire, from ; den to garden, but ſtill returning to Lord Cobha with freſh ſatisfaction. I ſhould be ſorry to ſee Lady Scudamore's, till it has had the full advant of Lord B*'s improvements; and then will I ex ſomething like the waters of Riſkins, and the wo of Oakley together, which (without flattery) we be at leaſt as good as any thing in our world: as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Paradi Cyrus, and the Sharawaggi's of China, I have li or no ideas of them, but, I dare ſay, Lord B* l becauſe they were certainly both very great, very wild. I hope Mrs. Mary Digby is quite ti of his Lordſhip's *Extravagante Bergerie:* and t ſhe is juſt now ſitting, or rather reclining o bank, fatigued with over-much dancing and ſing at his unwearied requeſt and inſtigation. I kn your love of eaſe ſo well, that you might in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet, too philoſophical to be a philoſopher; were it for the ferment Lord B. will put you into. One his Lordſhip's maxims is, that a total abſtine from intemperance or buſineſs, is no more ph ſophy, than a total conſopition of the ſenſes is poſe; one muſt feel enough of its contrary to h a reliſh of either. But, after all, let your tem

work, and be as ſedate and contemplative as you will, I'll engage you ſhall be fit for any of us, when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the cuſtoms of the company here; nothing will be able to prevent your converſion to her, but indiſpoſition, which, I hope, will be far from you. I am telling the worſt that can come of you; for as to vice, you are ſafe; but folly is many an honeſt man's, nay every good humour'd man's lot: nay, it is the ſeaſoning of life; and fools (in one ſenſe) are the ſalt of the earth: a little is excellent, tho' indeed a whole mouthful is juſtly call'd the Devil.

So much for your diverſions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at preſent, than I ſhall then; for if there be on earth an image of paradiſe, it is in ſuch perfect Union and Society as you all poſſeſs. I would have my innocent envies and wiſhes of your ſtate known to you all; which is far better than making you compliments, for it is inward approbation and eſteem. My Lord Digby has in me a ſincere ſervant, or would have, were there any occaſion for me to manifeſt it.

LETTER XVII.

Decemb. 28, 1724.

IT is now the ſeaſon to wiſh you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but *both theſe you know* how to make yourſelf, by

only continuing ſuch a life as you have been accuſtomed to lead. As for good works, the things I dare not name, either to thoſe that do t or to thoſe that do them not; the firſt are too deſt, and the latter too ſelfiſh, to bear the menti what are become either too old faſhion'd, or toc vate, to conſtitute any part of the vanity or re tion of the preſent age. However, it were t wiſh'd people would now and then look upon works as they do upon old wardrobes, mere caſe any of them ſhould by chance come into fa again: as ancient fardingales revive in mo hoop'd petticoats, (which may be properly com ed to charities, as they cover a multitude of ſins

They tell me that at Coleſhill certain antiqu charities, and obſolete devotions are yet ſubſiſt that a thing called Chriſtian chearfulneſs (not inc patible with Chriſtmas pyes and plum-broth) wh of frequent is the mention in old ſermons and al nacks, is really kept alive and in practice: that f ing the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, yet make a part of good houſe-keeping, in a tude not more remote from London than fourſ miles: and laſtly, that prayers and roaſt-beef ad ly make ſome people as happy, as a whore a bottle. But here in town, I aſſure you, men men, and children have done with theſe t Charity not only begins, but ends, at home ſtead of the four cardinal virtues, now reig courtly ones: we have cunning for prudence,

for juſtice, time-ſerving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a ſtate of ignorance, and ſee nothing but quiet, religion, and good-humour, the caſe is juſta; I tell you where people underſtand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wiſh that Heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them ſenſible which of theſe is right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high-feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country way? or you to leave prayers, and almſgiving, and reading, and exerciſe, and come into our meaſures? I wiſh (I ſay) that this matter were as clear to all men, as it is to

Your affectionate, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR SIR, April 21, 1726.

I Have a great inclination to write to you, tho' I cannot by writing any more than I could by words, expreſs what part I bear in your ſufferings. Nature and Eſteem in you are join'd to aggravate your affliction: the latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tye of friendſhip approaches near to the tenderneſs of nature: yet, God knows, no man

Mr. Digby died in the year 1726, and is buried in the church of Sherburne *in Dorſetſhire*, with an Epitaph written by the *Author*.

living is leſs fit to comfort you, as no n
deeply ſenſible than myſelf of the great
loſs. That very virtue, which ſecures
ſtate from all the ſorrows incident to ous
aggrandiſe our ſenſation of its being ren
our ſight, from our affection, and from
tion; for the friendſhip and ſociety of
does not only make us happier, but it
better. Their Death does but complete
city before our own, who probably are
rived to that degree of perfection which
immediate reward. That your dear b
my dear friend was ſo, I take his very ren
a proof; Providence would certainly ler
men to a world that ſo much wants the
as in its juſtice to them it could ſpare t
May my ſoul be with thoſe who have r
and have acted well to that meaning! an
not, if this prayer be granted, I ſhall be
Let us preſerve his memory in the way
beſt like, by recollecting what his behav
have been, in every incident of our live
and doing in each juſt as we think he v
done; ſo we ſhall have him always before
and in our minds, and (what is more) i
and manners. I hope when we ſhall
next, we ſhall be more of a piece with
conſequently not to be evermore ſeparated
I will add but one word that relates to wh
of yourſelf and me, ſince ſo valued a pa

gone; it is to beg you to accept, as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart, which (while he could fill it with ſuch hopes, wiſhes and affections for him as ſuited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his; and ſhall (I aſſure you in the ſincerity of ſorrow for my own loſs) be faithfully at your ſervice while I continue to love his memory, that is, while I continue to be myſelf.

LETTER

TO AND FROM

Dr. ATTERBURY,

Biſhop of ROCHESTER,

From 1716 to 1723.

LETTER I.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. Po

Decemb. 17

I Return your * Preface, which I have read t with pleaſure. The modeſty and good there is in it, muſt pleaſe every one that read And ſince there is nothing that can offend, I ſee why you ſhould balance a moment about prin it—always provided, that there is nothing ſaid t which you may have occaſion to unſay hereafter which you yourſelf are the beſt and the only ju

* The general preface to Mr. Pope's Poems, firſt p 1717, the year after the date of this letter.

s is my ſincere opinion, which I give, becauſe
aſk it: and which I would not give tho' aſked,
to a man I value as much as I do you; being
ble how improper it is, on many accounts, for
:o interpoſe in things of this nature; which I
r underſtood well, and now underſtand ſome-
t leſs than ever I did. But I can deny you no-
; eſpecially ſince you have had the goodneſs
, and patiently, to hear what I have ſaid againſt
ne, and in behalf of blank verſe; with little
etion perhaps, but, I am ſure, without the leaſt
udice: being myſelf equally incapable of wri-
well in either of thoſe ways, and leaning there-
to neither ſide of the queſtion, but as the ap-
ance of reaſon inclines me. Forgive me this
r, if it be one; an error of above thirty years
ling, and which therefore I ſhall be very loth
art with. In other matters which relate to po-
writing, I ſhall ſeldom differ from you: or, if I
ſhall, I hope, have the prudence to conceal my
ion. I am as much as I ought to be, that is, as
h as any man can be,

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE

Feb. 18, 17:

I Hop'd to find you laſt night at Lord Bathurſt's, came but a few minutes after you had left h I brought *Gorboduc* * with me; and Dr. Arbuth telling me he ſhould ſee you, I depoſited the b in his hands: out of which, I think, my Lord thurſt got it before we parted, and from him the fore you are to claim it. If Gorboduc ſhould miſs his way to you, others are to anſwer for it have delivered up my truſt. I am not ſorry y † Alcander is burnt; had I known your intentic I would have interceded for the firſt page, and it, with your leave, among my curioſities. In tr it is the only inſtance of that kind I ever met w from a perſon good for any thing elſe, nay for ev thing elſe to which he is pleas'd to turn himſelf.

Depend upon it, I ſhall ſee you with great pl ſure at Bromley; and there is no requeſt you make to me, that I ſhall not moſt readily com with. I wiſh you health and happineſs of all ſo and would be glad to be inſtrumental in any deg towards helping you to the leaſt ſhare of either. am always, every where, moſt affectionately faithfully Your, &c.

* A Tragedy, written in the Reign of Edward the ſixth much the beſt performance of that Age) by Sackvil, afterv Earl of Dorſet, and Lord Treaſurer to Queen Elizabeth. I then very ſcarce, but lately reprinted by R. Dodſley in Pall-m

† *An Heroic* Poem writ at 15 years old.

LETTER III.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Bromley, Nov. 8, 1717.

' Have nothing to ſay to you on that melancholy
. ſubject, with an account of which the printed
pers have furniſhed me, but what you have already
id to yourſelf.

When you have paid the debt of tenderneſs you
ve to the memory of a Father, I doubt not but
u will turn you thoughts towards improving that
cident to your own eaſe and happineſs. You have
now in your power, to purſue that method of
inking and living which you like beſt. Give me
ve, if I am not a little too early in my applica-
ns of this kind, to congratulate you upon it; and
aſſure you that there is no man living, who wiſhes
u better, or would be more pleas'd to contribute
y ways to your ſatisfaction or ſervice.

I return you your Milton, which, upon collation,
find to be reviſed, and augmented, in ſeveral
ces, as the title-page of my third edition pretends
to be. When I ſee you next, I will ſhew you the
'eral paſſages alter'd, and added by the author,
ide what you mentioned to me.

I proteſt to you, this laſt peruſal of him has
'en me ſuch new degrees, I will not ſay of plea-
e but of admiration and aſtoniſhment, that I look
n the ſublimity of Homer, and the majeſty of
gil with ſomewhat leſs reverence than I uſed to

do. I challenge you, with all your partia
ſhew me in the firſt of theſe any thing equal
Allegory of Sin and Death, either as to the
neſs and juſtneſs of the invention, or the heig
beauty of the colouring. What I look'd upo
rant of Barrow's, I now begin to think a
truth, and could almoſt venture to ſet my hand

Hæc quicunque legit, tantum ceciniſſe puta
Mæoniden Ranas, Virgilium Culices.

But more of this when we meet. When I l
town the D. of Buckingham continued ſo ill t
receiv'd no meſſages; oblige me ſo far as to
know how he does; at the ſame time I ſhall
how you do, and that will be a double ſatisfactic

Your,

LETTER IV.

The Anſwer.

My Lord, Nov. 20, 1

I Am truly obliged by your kind condolen
my Father's death, and the deſire you e
that I ſhould improve this incident to my adva
I know your Lordſhip's friendſhip to me is
enſive, that you include in that wiſh both my
tual and my temporal advantage; and it is v
owe to that friendſhip, to open my mind u
vedly to you on this head. It is true, I have
parent for whom no gains I could make wo

equivalent. But that was not my only tye: I k God another ſtill remains (and long may it iin) of the ſame tender nature: *Genitrix eſt mihi* id excuſe me if I ſay with Euryalus,

nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.

gid divine may call it a carnal tye, but ſure it is rtuous one: at leaſt I am more certain that it is ty of nature to preſerve a good parent's life and pineſs, than I am of any ſpeculative point what-

Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

t ſhe, my Lord, would think this ſeparation more evous than any other, and I, for my part, know ittle as poor Euryalus did, of the ſucceſs of ſuch an enture, (for an Adventure it is, and no ſmall , in ſpite of the moſt poſitive divinity.) Whe- r the change would be to my ſpiritual advantage, d only knows: this I know, that I mean as well he religion I now profeſs, as I can poſſibly ever in another. Can a man who thinks ſo, juſtify a nge, even if he thought both equally good? To h an one. the part of *Joining* with any one body Chriſtians might perhaps be eaſy, but I think it uld not be ſo, to *Renounce* the other.

Your Lordſhip has formerly adviſ'd me to read beſt controverſies between the Churches. Shall ll you a ſecret? I did ſo at fourteen years old, I loved reading, and my father had no other

books) there was a collection of all that
written on both sides in the reign of Ki
the second: I warm'd my head with them
consequence was, that I found myself a P
a Protestant by turns, according to the la
read *. I am afraid most Seekers are in
case, and when they stop, they are not so
converted, as out-witted. You see how l
you would gain by my conversion. And a
verily believe your Lordship and I are bo
same religion, if we were thoroughly und
one another, and that all honest and
christians would be so, if they did but ta
together every day; and had nothing to
ther, but to serve God, and live in peace
neighbour.

As to the *temporal* side of the questio
have no dispute with you; it is certain, al
neficial circumstances of life, and all th
ones, lie on the part you would invite me
if I could bring myself to fancy, what I
do but fancy, that I have any talents for
I want health for it; and besides it is a re
have less Inclination (if possible) than Abil
templative life is not only my scene, but
habit too. I begun my life where most p
theirs, with a dis-relish of all that the v

* This is an excellent description of every Reade
religious controversy, without possessing the *princip*
a right judgment of the points in question is to be n

ıbition: I don't know why 'tis called ſo, for to
: it always ſeem'd to be rather *ſtooping* than *climb-*
. I'll tell you my politic and religious ſentiments
a few words. In my politics, I think no further
n how to preſerve the peace of my life, in any
vernment under which I live; nor in my religion,
n to preſerve the peace of my conſcience, in any
urch with which I communicate. I hope all
urches and all governments are ſo far of God,
they are rightly underſtood, and rightly admi-
ſtred: and where they are, or may be wrong, I
ave it to God alone to mend or reform them;
hich whenever he does, it muſt be by greater in-
ruments than I am. I am not a papiſt, for I re-
ounce the temporal invaſions of the papal power,
nd deteſt their arrogated authority over Princes and
ates. I am a Catholic in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the
ord. If I was born under an abſolute prince, I
ould be a quiet ſubject; but I thank God I was
ot. I have a due ſenſe of the excellence of the
ritiſh conſtitution. In a word, the things I have
ways wiſhed to ſee are not a Roman Catholic, or
French Catholic, or a Spaniſh Catholic, but a true
atholic: and not a King of Whigs, or a King of
ories, but a King of England. Which God of his
ercy grant his preſent Majeſty may be, and all fu-
re Majeſties: You ſee, my Lord, I end like a
eacher: this is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*.
lieve me, with infinite obligation and ſincere
nks, ever Your, &c.

LETTER V.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I Hope you have ſome time ago receiv'd the Sy
phur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as in
ſtances (how ſmall ones ſoever) that I wiſh you bot
health and diverſion. What I now ſend for yo
peruſal, I ſhall ſay nothing of; not to foreſtall h
a ſingle word what you promis'd to ſay upon th
ſubject. Your Lordſhip may criticiſe from Virgil
theſe Tales; as Solomon wrote of every thing fro
the cedar to the hyſſop. I have ſome cauſe, ſin
I laſt waited on you at Bromley, to look upon yo
as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles a
to be had, were mankind wiſe enough to go thith
to conſult you: The fate of the South-ſea ſchem
has, much ſooner than I expected, verify'd wh
you told me. Moſt people thought the time wou
come, but no man prepared for it; no man con
dered it would come *like a Thief in the Night*, e
actly as it happens in the caſe of our death. M
thinks God has puniſh'd the avaritious, as he oft
puniſhes ſinners, in their own way, in the ve
ſin itſelf: the thirſt of gain was their crime, t
thirſt continued became their puniſhment and re
As for the few who have the good fortune, to
main with half of what they imagined they h
(among whom is your humble ſervant) I would ha
them ſenſible of their felicity, and convinced of
truth of old Heſiod's maxim, who, after half

was ſwallowed by the *Directors* of thoſe days,
d, that *half* to be *more than the whole.*

s not the fate of theſe people put you in mind
› paſſages, one in Job, the other from the
t?

ſhall groan out of the CITY, *and hiſs them out*
PLACE.

have dreamed out their dream, and awakening
ound nothing in their hands.

ed the univerſal poverty, which is the conſe-
: of univerſal avarice, and which will fall
: upon the guiltleſs and induſtrious part of
ıd, is truly lamentable. The univerſal de-
f the S. Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has
ed all except a few *Unrighteous* men: but it
: comfort to me that I am not one of them,
ho' I were to ſurvive and rule the world by it.
ıuch pleas'd with a thought of Dr. Arbuth-
he ſays the government and South-Sea com-
ave only lock'd up the money of the people,
onviction of their Lunacy (as is uſual in the
Lunatics) and intend to reſtore them as much
be fit for ſuch people, as faſt as they ſhall
m return to their ſenſes.

latter part of your letter does me ſo much
, and ſhews me ſo much kindneſs, that I
oth be proud and pleas'd, in a great degree;
ſſure you, my Lord, much more the laſt than
t. For I certainly know, and feel, from my
art, which truly reſpects you, that there may

be a ground for your partiality, one way; b
not the leaſt ſymptoms in my head, of any
tion for the other. In a word, the beſt
know for my being pleas'd, is, that you
your favour towards me; the beſt I know f
proud, would be that you might cure me o
I have found you to be ſuch a phyſician as
only *repair*, but *improve*. I am, with the
eſteem, and moſt grateful acknowledgment,
Your,

LETTER VI.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTE

THE Arabian Tales, and Mr. Gay's
receiv'd not till Monday night, toget
your letter; for which I thank you. I hav
fit of the gout upon me ever ſince I return
from Weſtminſter on Saturday night laſt
found its way into my hands as well as legs
I have been utterly incapable of writing.
the firſt letter that I have ventured upon; w
be written, I fear, *vacillantibus literis*, a
ſays Tyro's letters were, after his Recove
an illneſs. What I ſaid to you in mine a
Monument, was intended only to quicken
alarm you. It is not worth your while
what I meant by it: but when I ſee you, y
I hope you may be at the Deanry, tow

end of October, by which time, I think of ſettling there for the winter. What do you think of ſome ſuch ſhort inſcription as this in latin, which may, in a few words, ſay all that is to be ſaid of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deſerves?

JOHANNI DRYDENO,
CVI POESIS ANGLICANA
VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;
ET SIQVA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR LAVDE,
EST ADHVC DEBITVRA:
HONORIS ERGO P. &c.

To ſhew you that I am as much in earneſt in the affair, as you yourſelf, ſomething I will ſend you too of this kind in Engliſh. If your deſign holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his Buſto above —may not lines like theſe be grav'd juſt under the name?

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's aſhes juſt,
Here fix'd his Name, and there his laurel'd Buſt.
What elſe the Muſe in Marble might expreſs,
Is known already; Praiſe would make him leſs.

Or thus——

More needs not; where acknowledg'd Merits reign,
Praiſe is impertinent; and Cenſure vain.

This you'll take as a proof of my zeal at leaſt, tho' it be none of my talent in Poetry. When you have read it over, I'll forgive you if you ſhould not once *in your life time* again think of it.

And now, Sir, for your *Arabian Ta* have been, almoſt ever ſince they can have read as much of them, as eve while I live. Indeed they do not ple they are writ with ſo romantick an air ing for the difference of eaſtern ma upon any ſuppoſition that can be ma and abſurd a contrivance (at leaſt to underſtanding) that I have not only no no patience, in peruſing them. They the odd paintings on Indian ſcreens, glance may ſurprize and pleaſe a littl you fix your eye intently upon them, extravagant, diſproportion'd, and m they give a judicious eye pain, and ma for relief from ſome other object.

They may furniſh the mind with ſom but I think the purchaſe is made at too pence: for to read thoſe two volumes th them as little as I do, would be a ter and to read them with pleaſure would on the other ſide, becauſe of the infe never believe, that you have any keen r till I find you write worſe than you dare ſay, I never ſhall. Who that *Pe is*, the pretended author of them, I ca obſerving how full they are in the d dreſs, furniture, *&c.* I cannot help t the product of ſome Woman's imagina *lieve me*, I would do any thing but bu

her than be bound to read them over with atten-
n.

am ſorry that I was ſo true a prophet in reſpect
the S. Sea; ſorry, I mean, as far as your loſs is
ncern'd: for in the general I ever was and ſtill am
opinion, that had that project taken root and
riſh'd, it would by degrees have overturn'd our
ſtitution. Three or four hundred millions was
h a weight, that which-ſoever way it had leaned,
ſt have borne down all before it—But of the dead
muſt ſpeak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden
s ſomewhere, *Peace be to its Manes!*

Let me add one reflection, to make you eaſy in
ur ill luck. Had you got all that you have loſt
ond what you ventur'd, conſider that your ſuper-
ous gains would have ſprung from the ruin of ſe-
al families that now want neceſſaries; a thought,
ler which a good and good-natured man that grew
h by ſuch means, could not, I perſuade myſelf, be
fectly eaſy. Adieu, and believe me, ever

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

March 26, 1721.

YOU are not yourſelf gladder you are well,
than I am; *eſpecially* ſince I can pleaſe my-
with the thought that when you had loſt your

health elſewhere, you recovered it here. Mi
lodgings never treat you worſe, nor you at a
have leſs reaſon to be fond of them!

I thank you for the ſight of your * Verſ
with the freedom of an honeſt, tho' perha
dicious friend, muſt tell you, that tho' I co
ſome of them, if they were any body's elſe bu
yet as they are yours, and to be own'd as ſuch
ſcarce like any of them. Not but that the f
lines are good, eſpecially the ſecond coupl
might, if followed by four others as good, i
putation to a writer of a leſs eſtabliſhed fan
from you I expect ſomething of a more perfe
and which the oftener it is read, the more it
admired. When you barely exceed other
you fall much beneath yourſelf: 'tis your mi
now to write without a rival, and to be tem
that means to be more careleſs, than you
otherwiſe be in your compoſures.

Thus much I could not forbear ſaying, tho
a motion of conſequence in the Houſe of I
day, and muſt prepare for it. I am even w
for your ill paper; for I write upon worſe,
no other at hand. I wiſh you the continu
your health moſt heartily; and am ever

You

I have ſent Dr. Arbuthnot † the Latin MS
I could not find when you left me; and

* Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt.

† Written by Huetius, biſhop of Avranches. He w
reaſoner; as may be ſeen by a vaſt collection of fanciſ

gry at the writer for his deſign, and his manner of ecuting it, that I could hardly forbear ſending him ine of Virgil along with it. The chief Reaſoner that philoſophic farce is a *Gallo Ligur*, as he is l'd—what that means in Engliſh or French, I n't ſay—but all he ſays, is in ſo looſe and ſlippery d trickiſh a way of reaſoning, that I could not bear applying the paſſage of Virgil to him,

Vane Ligur, fruſtraque animis elate ſuperbis!
Nequicquam patrias tentaſti lubricus artes—

o be ſerious, I hate to ſee a book gravely written, d in all the forms of argumentation, which proves thing, and which ſays nothing; and endeavours ly to put us into a way of diſtruſting our own fa-lties, and doubting whether the marks of truth and lſhood can in any caſe be diſtinguiſhed from each her. Could that bleſſed point be made out (as it a contradiction in terms to ſay it can) we ſhould en be in the moſt uncomfortable and wretched te in the world; and I would in that caſe be glad exchange my Reaſon, with a dog for his Inſtinct, -morrow.

vagant conjectures, which he called a *Demonſtration*; mixed with much reading, which his friends called learning, and de-ared (by the allowance of all) in good latin. This not being eived for what he would give it, he compoſed a treatiſe *of the oundſ of the human underſtanding*: a poor ſyſtem of ſcepticiſm; eed little other than an abſtract from *Sextus Empiricus*.

LETTER VIII.

L. Chancellor HARCOURT to Mr. P

Decemb. 6

I Cannot but ſuſpect myſelf of being ver
ſonable in begging you once more to re
inclos'd. Your friendſhip draws this tro
you. I may freely own to you, that my t
makes me exceeding hard to be ſatisfied
thing which can be ſaid on ſuch an unhappy
I caus'd the Latin Epitaph to be as often al
fore I could approve of it.

When once your Epitaph is ſet up, ther
no alteration of it, it will remain a perpe
nument of your friendſhip, and, I aſſure
you will ſo ſettle it, that it ſhall be worthy
I doubt whether the word, *deny'd*, in the t
will juſtly admit of that conſtruction which
to bear (viz.) renounced, deſerted, &c.
capable, in my opinion, of having an ill
upon it, as too great uneaſineſs, or more
ture, than a wiſe man ought to have. I v
remember you told me, you could ſcarce m
two lines, and therefore I can ſcarce exp
forgiveneſs for my deſiring you to reconſide

Harcourt ſtands dumb, and Pope is forc'd

I can't perfectly, at leaſt without further di
you, reconcile myſelf to the firſt part of

the word *forc'd* (which was my own, and I made myſelf, for that reaſon only ſubmitted to by ſeems to carry too doubtful a conſtruction for ſpitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought as eaſi- be underſtood as read. I ſhall acknowledge it very particular favour, if at your beſt leiſure will peruſe the incloſed, and vary it, if you think pable of being amended, and let me ſee you any ning next week.

I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Sept. 27, 1721.

Am now confined to my bed-chamber, and to the matted room, wherein I am writing, ſeldom uring to be carried down even into the parlour inner, unleſs when company to whom I cannot ıſe myſelf, comes, which I am not ill pleas'd to is now very ſeldom. This is my caſe in the ıy part of the year: what muſt I expect, when *inverſum contriſtat Aquarius annum?*

f theſe things be done in the green tree, what ıall be done in the dry?" Excuſe me for em- ing a ſentence of Scripture on this occaſion; I y it very ſeriouſly. One thing relieves me a little, er the ill proſpect I have of ſpending my time at Deanry this winter; that I ſhall have the oppor-

tunity of seeing you oftener; tho', I am afraid, you will have little pleasure in seeing me there. So much for my ill state of health, which I had not touch'd on, had not your friendly letter been so full of it. One civil thing, that you say in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller; and possess'd of that image at the end of his copy, *à la malade*, had you not bestow'd it on one who has no right to the least part of the character. If you have not read the verses lately, I am sure you remember them because you forget nothing.

With such a grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on pain, &c.

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very same rhymes and words (*appear* and *clear*) that the couplet but one after that does——and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the first of these couplets: for there it runs thus,

So lightnings in a stormy air
Scorch more, than when the sky is fair.

You will say that I am not very much in pain, nor very busy, when I can relish these amusements, and you will say true: for at present I am in both these respects very easy.

I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, else I would have done it, to have shew'd his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried, as he desired, at the feet of Spencer, and I will take care to make good

in every reſpect what I ſaid to him when living; particularly as to the Triplet he wrote for his own Epitaph; which while we were in good terms, I promis'd him ſhould never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Weſtminſter.

I am pleas'd to find you have ſo much pleaſure, and (which is the foundation of it) ſo much health at Lord Bathurſt's; may both continue till I ſee you! may my Lord have as much ſatisfaction in building the houſe in the wood, and uſing it when built, as you have in deſigning it! I cannot ſend a wiſh after him that means him more happineſs, and yet, I am ſure, I wiſh him as much as he wiſhes himſelf.

I am, &c.

LETTER X.

From the ſame.

Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.

NOtwithſtanding I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning: yet, I foreſee, it will not reach you till Wedneſday morning. And before ſet of ſun that day I hope to reach my winter quarters at the Deanry. I hope, did I ſay? I recall that word, for it implies deſire: and, God knows, that is far from being the caſe. For I never part with this place but with regret, tho' I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worſt of company in the world, my own; and ſee either none beſide, or what is

worſe than none, ſome of the *Arrii*, or *Sebeſi* of t neighbourhood: Characters, which Tully paints well in one of his Epiſtles, and complains of the u civil, but impertinent interruption they gave him his retirement. Since I have named theſe gentl men, and the book is not far from me, I will tu to the place, and by pointing it out to you, give y the pleaſure of peruſing the epiſtle, which is a ve agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am ſurpriz'd to find that my Lord Bathurſt a you are parted ſo ſoon; he has been ſick, I kno of ſome late tranſactions; but ſhould that ſickne continue ſtill in ſome meaſure, I propheſy, it will l quite off by the beginning of November: a letter two from his London friends, and a ſurfeit of ſol tude, will ſoon make him change his reſolution a his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here wit pleaſure all the winter, and be contented with hea ing no more news than the London Journal, or ſom ſuch trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty my place require, abſolutely require my attendan at Weſtminſter; where, I hope, the Prophet wi now and then remember he has a bed and a candl ſtic. In ſhort, I long to ſee you, and hope you wi come, if not a day, yet at leaſt an hour ſooner t town than you intended, in order to afford me th ſatisfaction. I am now, I thank God! as well ever I was in my life, except that I can walk ſcar at all without crutches: And I would willingly com pound the matter with the gout, to be no bette could I hope to be no worſe; but that is a vai

thought, I expect a new attack long before Chriſtmas. Let me ſee you therefore while I am in a condition to reliſh you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I ſhall (and muſt) ſay, I have no pleaſure in them.

I will bring your ſmall volume of Paſtorals along with me, that you may not be diſcouraged from lending me books, when you find me ſo punctual in returning them. Shakeſpear ſhall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, tho' you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text: I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing ſtanding juſt as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleaſure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I ſhall ſcarce repeat that pleaſure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of, but none that will interfere with the offices of friendſhip, in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I hope to live and die

Your, &c.

P. S. Addiſon's works came to my hands yeſterday. I cannot but think it a very odd ſet of incidents, that the book ſhould be dedicated by a * dead man to † a dead man; and even that the new patron to whom Tickell choſe to inſcribe his

* Mr. Addiſon. † Mr. Craggs. ‡ Lord Warwick.

verſes, ſhould be dead alſo before they liſhed. Had I been in the Editor's pla have been a little apprehenſive for myſ thought that every one who had any h work was to die before the publication ſee, when I am converſing with you, how to give over, till the very bottom admoniſhes me once more to bid you ad

LETTER XI.

My Lord, Feb.

IT is ſo long ſince I had the pleaſure with your Lordſhip, that I ſhould be myſelf no longer *Amicus omnium horar* finding myſelf ſo in my conſtant thoug In thoſe I was with you many hours thi and had you (where I wiſh and hope ſee you really) in my garden at Twitn I went laſt to town, and was on wing fo ry, I heard your Lordſhip was gone th to Bromley, and there you continued t return hither. I ſincerely wiſh you w wiſh yourſelf, and all you wiſh your fr mily. All I mean by this word or tw tell you ſo, till in perſon I find you as I is, find you well: eaſy, reſign'd, and will make yourſelf, and (I believe) eve converſes with you; if I may judge of

r other mens minds and affections, by that which
i will ever have over thoſe of

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

)ermit me, dear Sir, to break into your retire-
ment, and to deſire of you a complete copy of
ıſe verſes on Mr. Addiſon *; ſend me alſo your
: reſolution, which ſhall punctually be obſerved in
ation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am
ün ſolicited by another Lord, to whom I have
'en the ſame anſwer as formerly. No ſmall piece
your writing has been ever ſought after ſo much:
ıas pleas'd every man without exception, to whom
ıas been read. Since you now therefore know
ıere your real ſtrength lies, I hope you will not
ſer that talent to lye unemploy'd. For my part, I
ıuld be ſo glad to ſee you finiſh ſomething of that
ıd, that I could be content to be a little ſneer'd
in a line or ſo, for the ſake of the pleaſure I
ıuld have in reading the reſt. I have talk'd my
ıſe of this matter to you once or twice, and now
ıut it under my hand, that you may ſee it is my
liberate opinion. What weight that may have

* *An imperfect Copy was got out, very much to the Author's wiſe, who never would give any.*

with you I cannot ſay: but it pleaſes me to have an opportunity of ſhewing you how well I wiſh you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I deſire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing, to which you ſhall pleaſe to turn your pen. Not but that I have ſome little intereſt in the propoſal, as I ſhall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in ſuch different manners, and did ſuch honour to his country and language; and yet was not diſpleas'd ſometimes to read what was written by his humble ſervant.

LETTER XIII.

March 14, 1721-2.

I Was diſappointed (much more than thoſe who commonly uſe that phraſe on ſuch occaſions) in miſſing you at the Deanry, where I lay ſolitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you, and I wiſh every thing may ſucceed as you deſire in your own family, and in that which, I think, you no leſs account your own, and is no leſs your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true friends of it, and to your power its protector. Tho' the noiſe and daily buſt for the public be now over, I dare ſay, a good m is ſtill tendring its welfare; as the Sun in the winte when ſeeming to retire from the world, is preparin benedictions and warmth for a better ſeaſon. N

an wiſhes your Lordſhip more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you ſhould underſtand e value of it: but I don't wiſh you a jot leſs conern'd or leſs active than you are, in all ſincere, and erefore warm, deſires of public good.

I beg the kindneſs (and 'tis for that chiefly I trouble ou with this letter) to favour me with notice as oon as you return to London, that I may come and nake you a proper viſit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your Viſitor, but your Lodger, nd I accuſe myſelf of it. I have now no earthly hing to oblige my being in town (a point of no mall ſatisfaction to me) but the beſt reaſon, the ſeeing a friend. As long, my Lord, as you will let me call you ſo (and I dare ſay you will, till I forfeit what, I think, I never ſhall, my veracity and integrity) I ſhall eſteem myſelf fortunate, in ſpite of the South-ſea, Poetry, Popery, and Poverty.

I can't tell you how ſorry I am, you ſhould be troubled a-new by any ſort of people. I heartily wiſh, *Quod ſupereſt, ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the ſame: who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as fooliſhly as if I were a Great man.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

From the Biſhop of ROCHEST

March 16,

AS a viſitant, a lodger, a friend (or u other denomination ſoever) you a welcome to me; and will be more ſo, I h day that we live: for, to tell you the tr you as I like myſelf, beſt when we have leaſt buſineſs. It has been my fate to be it much and often, by the ſtations in w placed: but God, that knows my heart, never lov'd it: and am ſtill leſs in love v ever, as I find leſs temptation to act with of ſucceſs. If I am good for any thing, *gulo cum libello*; and yet a good part of n been ſpent, and perhaps muſt be ſpent, wiſe. For I will never, while I have wanting to my duty in my poſt, or in a how little ſoever I may like my employ how hopeleſs ſoever I may be in the diſch

In the mean time the judicious world to think that I delight in work which I a to undergo, and aim at things which I heart deſpiſe; let them think as they will, be at liberty to act as I will, and ſpend i ſuch a manner as is moſt agreeable to m not ſay I do. ſo now, for I am here w *books*, and if I had them could not uſe t

atisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more nelancholy * manner; and how long, or how little while it may be ſo taken up God only knows, and o his will I implicitly reſign myſelf in every thing.

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

MY LORD, March 19, 1721-2.

I Am extremely ſenſible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in bſence, even among thoughts of much nearer con-ern to yourſelf on the one hand, and of much more mportance to the world on the other, which can-ot but engage you at this juncture. I am very ertain of your good will, and of the warmth which s in you inſeparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twitenham is a freſh in-ance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the ine ſeaſon will ſet you upon your legs, enough to nable you to get into my garden, where I will arry you up a Mount, in a point of view to ſhew ou the glory of my little kingdom. If you ap-rove it, I ſhall be in danger to boaſt, like Nebu-hadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be urn'd to converſe, not with the beaſts of the field, ut with the birds of the grove, which I ſhall take o be no great puniſhment. For indeed I heartily

* *In his Lady's laſt* Sickneſs.

deſpiſe the ways of the world, and moſt ones of it.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great

And you may judge how comfortably I then'd in this opinion, when ſuch as yo bear teſtimony to its vanity and emptine *inane eſt*, with the picture of one ring globe with his finger, is the beſt thing luck to remember in that great Poet C that I forget the Devil at bowls; which be your Lordſhip's favourite cut, as well diverſion.)

The ſituation here is pleaſant, and the enough, to humour the moſt retired, and the moſt contemplative. Good air, ſolit and ſparing diet, ſufficient to make you ſ ſelf (what you are in temperance, tho' el a greater figure by your ſtation) one of of the Deſart. Here you may think (to thor's words, whom you ſo juſtly prefer followers that you'll receive them kindly, from his worſt work *.)

That in Eliah's banquet you partake,
Or ſit a gueſt with Daniel, at his Pulſ

I am ſincerely free with you, as you deſi and approve of your not having your c for if you would ſee Lord C* or any bc

* The *Paradiſe Regain'd*. I ſuppoſe this was ſ *to the Biſhop*. It could never be his own opinion.

ve another chariot, beſides that little one you ugh'd at when you compar'd me to Homer in a t-ſhell. But if you would be entirely private, no dy ſhall know any thing of the matter. Believe : (my Lord) no man is with more perfect acqui-ence, nay with more willing acquieſcence (not en any of your own Sons of the Church.)

Your obedient, &c.

LETTER XVI.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

April 6, 1722.

UNDER all the leiſure in the world, I have no leiſure, no ſtomach to write to you: The adual approaches of death are before my eyes; I a convinced that it muſt be ſo; and yet make a ift to flatter myſelf ſometimes with the thought, at it may poſſibly be otherwiſe. And that very ought, tho' it is directly contrary to my reaſon, es for a few moments make me eaſy—however t eaſy enough in good earneſt to think of any ing but the melancholy object that employs them. herefore wonder not that I do not anſwer your ind letter: I ſhall anſwer it too ſoon, I fear, accepting your friendly invitation. When I do , no conveniencies will be wanting: for I'll ſee *body but you and* your mother, and the ſervants.

Viſits to ſtateſmen always were to me (and ar
more than ever) inſipid things; let the men th
pect, that wiſh to thrive by them, pay them
homage; I am free. When I want them,
ſhall hear of me at their doors: and when
want me, I ſhall be ſure to hear of them at
But probably they will deſpiſe me ſo much,
ſhall court them ſo little, that we ſhall both
keep our diſtance.

When I come to you, 'tis in order to be wit
only; a preſident of the council, or a ſtar an
ter will make no more impreſſion upon my mi
ſuch a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, c
ſight of a puppet-ſhew. I have ſaid to Gre
ſome time ago—*Tuas tibi res habeto, Egomet
meas.* The time is not far off when we ſhall
upon the level: and I am reſolv'd, for my pa
anticipate that time, and be upon the level
them now: for he is ſo, that neither ſeek
wants them. Let them have more virtue an
pride: and then I'll court them as much a
body: but till they reſolve to diſtinguiſh them
ſome way elſe than by their outward trappi
am determined (and, I think, I have a right)
as proud as they are: tho' I truſt in God, my
is neither of ſo odious a nature as theirs, nor
miſchievous a conſequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this tr
thinking—when I ſat down to write I int
only to excuſe myſelf for not writing, and

that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I
t diſlodge; I am preparing for it: For I am at
moment building a vault in the Abby for me
mine. 'Twas to be in the Abby, becauſe of my
ion to the place; but 'tis at the weſt door of it:
ir from Kings and Cæſars as the ſpace would ad-
of.

know not but I may ſtep to town to-morrow, to
how the work goes forward; but, if I do, I
l return hither in the evening. I would not have
n you the trouble of this letter but that they tell
it will coſt you nothing, and that our privilege of
aking (one of the moſt valuable we have left) is
n allow'd us.

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

Had much ado to get hither laſt night, the water
being ſo rough that the ferry men were unwilling
venture. The firſt thing I ſaw this morning after
eyes were open, was your letter, for the free-
n and kindneſs of which I thank you. Let all
npliments be laid aſide between us for the future;
l depend upon me as your faithful friend in all
ngs within my power, as one that truly values
u, *and wiſhes you* all manner of happineſs. I

thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleaſing impreſſion upon me that will not ſoon be effaced.

Lord * has preſs'd me terribly to ſee him at * and told me in a manner betwixt kindneſs and reſentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twitenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and muſt expect that ill health will render a good ſhare of it uſeleſs: and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cheriſh'd, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the Motto of my ſun-dial, *Vivite, ait, fugio.* I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unneceſſary avocations and amuſements. There are thoſe that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like: If they perſiſt in their intentions, I muſt apply myſelf to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that ſhall not hinder me from employing myſelf alſo in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one way ſhall have their ſhare of it another; that at laſt they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myſelf, with the few (the very few) friends I like; for that is the point, the ſingle point, I now aim at; tho', I know, the generality of the world who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverſe of this character belongs to me. I don't know how I have rambled into this account of myſelf; when I ſat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

'ou might have been ſure without my telling you, my right hand is at eaſe; elſe I ſhould not have rflow'd at this rate. And yet I have not done, there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, ch I underſtood, becauſe it ſeems to tend towards loying me in ſomething that is agreeable to you. explain yourſelf, and believe that you have not icquaintance in the world that would be more in ieſt on ſuch an occaſion than I, for I love you, rell as eſteem you.

ll the while I have been writing, Pain, and a Thruſh have been ſeverally endeavouring to call my attention; but both in vain, nor ſhould I part with you, but that the turning over a new frights me a little, and makes me reſolve to ak thro' a new temptation, before it has taken faſt hold on me.

I am, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

From the ſame.

June 15, 1722.

YOU have generally written firſt, after our parting; I will now be before-hand with you ny enquiries, how you got home, and how you and whether you met with Lord *, and deliver'd civil reproach to him, in the manner I deſir'd? ippoſe you did not, becauſe I have heard nothing

either from you, or from him on that head; ſuppoſe, I might have done, if you had found.

I am ſick of theſe men of quality; and the ſo, the oft'ner I have any buſineſs to tranſact them. They look upon it as one of their guiſhing privileges, not to be punctual in any neſs, of how great importance ſoever; nor other people at eaſe, with the loſs of the leaſ of their own. This conduct of his vexes me to what purpoſe? or how can I alter it?

I long to ſee the original MS. of Milton: but know how to come at it, without your repeat ſiſtance.

I hope you won't utterly forget what paſ the coach about Samſon Agoniſtes. I ſhall not you as to time, but ſome time or other, I wil would review, and poliſh that piece. If upon peruſal of it (which I deſire you to make) think as I do, that it is written in the very of the Ancients; it deſerves your care, and is ble of being improved, with little trouble, perfect model and ſtandard of Tragic poetr ways allowing for its being a ſtory taken out Bible; which is an objection that at this ti day, I know, is not to be got over.

I am

LETTER XIX.

July 27.

I Have been as conſtantly at Twitenham as your Lordſhip has at Bromley, ever ſince you ſaw Lord Bathurſt. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the Deanry, and moralize one evening with you on the vanity of human glory.

The Ducheſs's * letter concerns me nearly, and you know it, who know all my thoughts without diſguiſe: I muſt keep clear of Flattery; I will: and as this is an honeſt reſolution, I dare hope, your Lordſhip will not be ſo unconcern'd for my keeping it, as not to aſſiſt me in ſo doing. I beg therefore you would repreſent thus much at leaſt to her Grace, that as to the fear ſhe ſeems touch'd with, [That the Duke's memory ſhould have no advantage but what he muſt give himſelf, without being beholden to any one friend] your Lordſhip may certainly, and agreeably to your character, both of rigid honour and Chriſtian plainneſs, tell her, that no man can have any other advantage: and that all offerings of friends in ſuch a caſe paſs for nothing. Be but ſo good as to confirm what I've repreſented to her, that an inſcription in the antient way, plain, pompous, yet modeſt, will be the moſt uncommon, and therefore the moſt diſtinguiſhing manner of doing it. And ſo, I hope, ſhe will be ſatisfied, the

* *The Ducheſs of* Buckingham.

Duke's honour be preſerv'd, and my integrity ali
which is too ſacred a thing to be forfeited, in c
ſideration of any little (or what people of qual
may call great) Honour or diſtinction whatev
which thoſe of their rank can beſtow on one of mi
and which indeed they are apt to over-rate,
never ſo much, as when they imagine us under
obligation to ſay one untrue word in their favour

I can only thank you, my Lord, for the h
tranſition you make from common buſineſs, to
which is the only real buſineſs of every reaſon
creature. Indeed I think more of it than you i
gine, tho' not ſo much as I ought. I am ple
with thoſe Latin verſes extremely, which are ſo
good that I thought them yours, 'till you call'd t
an Horatian Cento, and then I recollected the
jecti membra poetæ. I won't pretend I am ſo tot
in thoſe ſentiments which you compliment me w
as I yet hope to be: You tell me I have them
the civileſt method to put me in mind how muc
fits me to have them. I ought, firſt, to prepare
mind by a better knowledge even of good propl
writers, eſpecially the Moraliſts, &c. before I
be worthy of taſting that ſupreme of books, and
lime of all writings. In which, as in all the i
mediate ones, you may (if your friendſhip and
rity toward me continue ſo far) be the beſt guide t

Your, &c

LETTER XX.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

July 30, 1722.

Have written to the Ducheſs * juſt as you deſir'd, and referred her to our meeting in town for a ther account of it. I have done it the rather beſe your opinion in the caſe is ſincerely mine: and t had not been ſo, you yourſelf ſhould not have luced me to give it. Whether, and how far ſhe ll acquieſce in it, I cannot ſay: eſpecially in a e where ſhe thinks the Duke's honour concern'd; t ſhould ſhe ſeem to perſiſt a little at preſent, her od ſenſe (which I depend upon) will afterwards isfy her that we are in the right.

I go to-morrow to the Deanry, and, I believe, I ill ſtay there, till I have ſaid Duſt to duſt, and it up that † laſt ſcene of pompous vanity.

Tis a great while for me to ſtay there at this time the year; and I know I ſhall often ſay to myſelf, ile I am expecting the funeral,

O Rus, quando ego te aſpiciam! quandoque licebit
Ducere ſolliciti jucunda oblivia vitæ!

In this caſe I ſhall fancy I hear the ghoſt of the id, thus intreating me,

At tu ſacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Oſſibus & capiti inhumato

* Ducheſs of Buckingham.

† This was the Funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which Biſhop officiated as Dean of Weſtminſter, in Aug. 1722.

Particulam dare———
Quanquam feſtinas, non eſt mora longa;
Injecto ter pulvere, curras.

There is an anſwer for me ſomewhere in this requeſt which you remember, tho' *Poor Ghoſt! thou ſhalt be ſatisfied!*—or ſom it. However that be, take care you do your appointment, that the company of may make me ſome amends for my atte the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I I ſhould always, could I always be here—

Sed me
Imperioſa trahit Proſerpina: vive, val

You are the firſt man I ſent to this mornin laſt man I deſire to converſe with this eve at twenty miles diſtance from you.

Te, veniente die, Te, decedente, requir

LETTER XXI.

From the Biſhop of ROCHEST

DEAR SIR, The Tower, April

I Thank you for all the inſtances of y ſhip, both before, and ſince my misfo little time will complete them, and ſepar me for ever. But in what part of the w I am, I will live mindful of your ſince

and will pleaſe myſelf with the thought, that
ve in your eſteem and affection, as much as
id; and that no accidents of life, no diſtance
, or place, will alter you in that reſpect. It
in me; who have lov'd and valued you, ever
knew you, and ſhall not fail to do it when I
llowed to tell you ſo; as the caſe will ſoon be.
y faithful ſervices to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks
t he ſent me, which was much to the purpoſe,
hing can be ſaid to be to the purpoſe, in a
t is already determined. Let him know my
: will be ſuch, that neither my friends need
or me, nor will my enemies have great occa-
Triumph, tho' ſure of the victory. I ſhall
s advice before I go abroad, in many things.
ueſtion whether I ſhall be permitted to ſee
any body, but ſuch as are abſolutely neceſ-
vards the diſpatch of my private affairs. If
l bleſs you both; and may no part of the ill
that attends me, ever purſue either of you!
not but I may call upon you at my hearing,
omewhat about my way of ſpending my time
Deanry, which did not ſeem calculated to-
nanaging plots and conſpiracies. But of that
conſider—You and I have ſpent many hours
r upon much pleaſanter ſubjects; and, that I
eſerve the old cuſtom, I ſhall not part with
w till I have clos'd this letter, with three lines
on, which you will, I know, readily and
hout ſome degree of concern apply to your
ectionate, &c.

Some nat'ral Tears he dropt, but wip'd
The world was all before him, where t
His place of reſt, and Providence *his G*

LETTER XXII.

The Anſwer.

Apr

IT is not poſſible to expreſs what
what I feel; only this, that I have
felt for nothing but you, for ſome tim
ſhall think of nothing ſo long for the ti
The greateſt comfort I had was an int
I would have made practicable) to h
you in your journey, to which I had
perſon to conſent, who only could have
by a tye which, tho' it may be more
not think more ſtrong, than that of fri
I fear there will be no way left me t
great truth, that I remember you, tha
that I am grateful to you, that I entire
value you: no way but that one, wh
open warrant to authorize it, or ſecr
to ſecure it; which no bills can pre
Kings prevent; a way that can reach t
the world where you may be, where t
per or even the wiſh of a friend muſt
or even ſuſpected: by this way, I

eſteem and affection of you, to your enemies in the gates, and you, and they, and their ſons, may hear of it.

You prove yourſelf, my Lord, to know me for the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your Defence, and your Reputation by it, is a point of the higheſt concern to me: and aſſuring me, it ſhall be ſuch, that none of your friends ſhall bluſh for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourſelf the beſt and moſt laſting juſtice: the inſtruments of your Fame to poſterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that providence has appointed you to ſome great and uſeful work, and calls you to it this ſevere way? You may more eminently and more effectually ſerve the Public even now, than in the ſtations you have ſo honourably fill'd. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon *: is it not the latter, the diſgraced part of their lives, which you moſt envy, and which you would chooſe to have liv'd?

I am tenderly ſenſible of the wiſh you expreſs, that no part of your misfortune may purſue me. But, God knows, I am every day leſs and leſs fond of my native country (ſo torn as it is by Party-rage) and begin to conſider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of an-

* Clarendon indeed wrote his beſt works in his baniſhment: but the beſt of Bacon's were written before his diſgrace, and the beſt of *Tully's after his return* from exile.

other world may be) I cannot but entertain a p
hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully aſſure you, that in the mean tim
is no one, living or dead, of whom I ſhall
oftener or better than of you. I ſhall look
you as in a ſtate between both, in which y
have from me all the paſſions and warm wiſh
can attend the living, and all the reſpect and
ſenſe of loſs, that we feel for the dead.
ſhall ever depend upon your conſtant friendſhi
memory, and good offices, tho' I were never
or hear the effects of them: like the truſt w
in benevolent ſpirits, who, tho' we never ſee
them, we think, are conſtantly ſerving us, and
ing for us.

Whenever I am wiſhing to write to you,
conclude you are intentionally doing ſo to me
every time that I think of you, I will belie
are thinking of me. I never ſhall ſuffer to
gotten (nay to be but faintly remember'd) t
nour, the pleaſure, the pride I muſt ever ha
reflecting how frequently you have delight
how kindly you have diſtinguiſh'd me, how c
ly you have adviſ'd me! In converſation, in
I ſhall always want you, and wiſh for you:
moſt lively, and in my moſt thoughtful hours,
equally bear about me, the impreſſions of you
perhaps it will not be in This life only, that
have cauſe to remember and acknowledge the

ſhip of the Biſhop of Rocheſter.

I am,

LETTER XXIII.

To the ſame.

May 1723.

NCE more I write to you, as I promis'd, and this once, I fear, will be the laſt! the ain will ſoon be drawn between my friend and and nothing left but to wiſh you a long good-. May you enjoy a ſtate of repoſe in this life, nlike that ſleep of the ſoul which ſome have v'd is to ſucceed it, where we lye utterly forget-f that world from which we are gone, and ri-ig for that to which we are to go. If you re-any memory of the paſt, let it only image to what has pleas'd you beſt; ſometimes preſent am of an abſent friend, or bring you back an eable converſation. But upon the whole, I you will think leſs of the time paſt than of the re; as the former has been leſs kind to you than atter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world Studies; they will tend to the benefit of men nſt whom you can have no complaint, I mean ll Poſterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, ing elſe is worth your care. What is every year wiſe man's life but a cenſure or critic on the ? Thoſe whoſe date is the ſhorteſt, live long enough ugh at one half of it: the boy deſpiſes the in-, the man the boy, the philoſopher both, and Chriſtian all. You may now begin to think *manhood* was too much a puerility;

never ſuffer your age to be but a ſe
The toys and baubles of your childho
now more below you, than thoſe toys
and of our declining years, the drums
ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of
this time, when you are cut off from a
and made a citizen of the world at larg
bend your talents not to ſerve a Part
but all mankind. Your Genius ſhould
that miſt in which its participation an
hood with earth long involv'd it; to
and to heaven, ought to be the buſi
glory of your preſent ſituation. Reme
ſuch a time, that the greateſt lights
dazled and blazed the moſt, in their ret
exile, or in their death: but why do I
ling or blazing? it was then that th
that they gave light, and that they beca
mankind.

Thoſe aims alone are worthy of
great, and ſuch I therefore hope will be
ſentment indeed may remain, perhaps ca
extinguiſhed, in the nobleſt minds;
never will harbour there: higher pr
thoſe of the firſt, and better principle
of the latter, will infallibly influence
thoughts and whoſe hearts are enlarg
them to prefer the Whole to any part
eſpecially to ſo ſmall a part as one's ſin

lieve me, my Lord, I look upon you as a ſpi-
ıtered into another life *, as one juſt upon the
of Immortality; where the paſſions and affec-
muſt be much more exalted, and where you
t to deſpiſe all little views, and all mean retro-
ı. Nothing is worth your looking back; and
fore look forward, and make (as you can) the
I look after you. But take care that it be not
pity, but with eſteem and admiration.
m with the greateſt ſincerity, and paſſion for
fame as well as happineſs,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Paris, Nov. 23, 1731.

OU will wonder to ſee me in print; but how could I avoid it? The dead and the living, ıends and my foes, at home and abroad, call'd me to ſay ſomething; and the reputation of Hiſtory which I and all the world value, muſt ſuffered, had I continued ſilent. I have print-here, in hopes that ſomebody may venture to nt it in England, notwithſtanding thoſe two

* The Biſhop of Rocheſter went into exile the month follow-ed continued in it till his death, which happen'd at Paris fifteenth day of February in the year 1732.
Earl of Clarendon's.

frightening words at the close of it *. Whether that happens or not, it is fit you should have a sight of it, who, I know, will read it with some degree of satisfaction, as it is mine, tho' it should have (as it really has) nothing else to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto*; for that may well be the case, considering that within a few months I am entering into my seventieth year: after which, even the healthy and the happy cannot much depend upon life, and will not, if they are wise, much desire it. Whenever I go, you will lose a friend who loves and values you extremely, if in my circumstances I can be said to be lost to any one, when dead, more than I am already whilst living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himself in a fault, for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiss that you forbore writing, on a head wherein I promis'd more than I was able to perform. Disgraced men fancy sometimes, that they preserve an influence, where when they endeavour to exert it, they soon see their mistake. I did so, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You sounded the coast, and found out my error, it seems, before I was aware of it; but enough on this subject.

* The Bishop's Name, set to his Vindication of Bishop Smalridge, Dr. Aldrich, and himself, from the scandalous Reflection of Oldmixon, relating to the Publication of Lord Clarendon's History. Paris, 1731, 4to. since reprinted in England.

What are they doing in England to the honour of Letters; and particularly what are you doing? *Ipſe quid audes? Quæ circum-volitas agilis Thyma?* Do you purſue the Moral plan you marked out, and ſeemed ſixteen months ago ſo intent upon? Am I to ſee it perfected e'er I die, and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? or do you rather chuſe to leave the marks of your friendſhip, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by thoſe who ſurvive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I ſhould hope to peep into the manuſcript before it was finiſhed. But alas! there is, and will ever probably be a great deal of land and ſea between us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I ſhould be glad to peruſe? Name them: The catalogue, I believe, will not coſt you much trouble. They muſt be good ones indeed to challenge any part of my time, now I have ſo little of it left. I, who ſquandered whole days heretofore, now huſband hours when the glaſs begins to run low, and care not to miſpend them on trifles. At the end of the Lottery of Life, our laſt minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, riſe in their valuation: They are not of ſo much worth perhaps in themſelves as thoſe which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with reaſon. I do ſo, my dear friend, and yet think the moſt precious minutes of my life are well employed, in reading what you write. But this is a ſatisfaction I *cannot* much hope for, and therefore

muſt betake myſelf to others leſs entertaining. Ad
dear Sir, and forgive me engaging with one, wl
you, I think, have reckoned among the heroe
the Dunciad. It was neceſſary for me either to
cept of his dirty Challenge, or to have ſufferec
the eſteem of the world by declining it.

My reſpects to your Mother; I ſend one of t
papers for Dean Swift, if you have an opportu
and think it worth while to convey it. My C
try at this diſtance ſeems to me a ſtrange ſigh
know not how it appears to you, who are in
midſt of the ſcene, and yourſelf a part of it; I
you would tell me. You may write ſafely to
Morice, by the honeſt hand that conveys this,
will return into theſe parts before Chriſtmas; ſh
out a rough draught of it, that I may be ab
judge whether a return to it be really eligibl
whether I ſhould not, like the Chemiſt in the b
upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain,
fire to be corked up again.

After all, I do and muſt love my Country,
all its faults and blemiſhes; even that part o
conſtitution which wounded me unjuſtly, and
through my ſide, ſhall ever be dear to me.
laſt wiſh ſhall be like that of father Paul, *Eſto
petua!* and when I die at a diſtance from it, i
be in the ſame manner as Virgil deſcribes th
piring Peloponneſian,

Sternitur,

et dulces moriens reminiſcitur Arg

Do I ſtill live in the memory of my friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your paper ſquabbles about me, and am glad to ſee ſuch free conceſſions on that head, tho' made with no view of doing me a pleaſure, but merely of loading another.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXV.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

On the Death of his Daughter.

Montpelier, Nov. 20, 1729.

I Am not yet Maſter enough of myſelf, after the late wound I have receiv'd, to open my very heart to you, and am not content with leſs than that, whenever I converſe with you. My thoughts are at preſent vainly, but pleaſingly employed, on what I have loſt, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reaſon, to call them off to other ſubjects, but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and ſuffering them to ſpend their force, I hope in ſome time to check and ſubdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus perculſus, huic uni me imparem ſenſi, et pene ſuccubui.* This is weakneſs, not wiſdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be truſted to the boſom of a friend, where I may ſafely lodge all my infirmities. As ſoon as my mind is in ſome meaſure

corrected and calm'd, I will endeavour to fc your advice, and turn it to ſomething of uſe moment; if I have ſtill life enough left to do thing that is worth reading and preſerving. In mean time I ſhall be pleas'd to hear that you ceed in what you intend, without any ſuch m choly interruption as I have met with. Your is as yet unbroken by age and ill accidents, knowledge and judgment are at the height: them in writing ſomewhat that may teach the ſent and future times, and if not gain equall applauſe of both, may yet raiſe the envy of the and ſecure the admiration of the other. Em not your precious moments, and great talent little men and little things; but chuſe a ſubject way worthy of you, and handle it as you can, manner which no-body elſe can equal or im As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any, a what they were: and yet I will endeavour to r left and employ them.

gelidus tardante ſenecta
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœto in corpore vir

However, I ſhould be ingrateful to this place, did not own that I have gained upon the gout i ſouth of France, much more than I did at l tho' even there I ſenſibly improved. I believ cure had been perfected, but the earneſt deſi meeting One I dearly loved, called me abrup Montpelier; where after continuing two m *under the* cruel torture of a ſad and fruitleſs ex

a, I was forced at laſt to take a long journey to
ulouſe; and even there I had miſs'd the perſon I
ght, had ſhe not, with great ſpirit and courage,
ıtured all night up the Garonne to ſee me, which
above all things deſired to do before ſhe died.
that means ſhe was brought where I was, be-
een ſeven and eight in the morning, and liv'd
enty hours afterwards, which time was not loſt
either ſide, but paſs'd in ſuch a manner as gave
at ſatisfaction to both, and ſuch as on her part, every
y became her circumſtances and character. For
had her ſenſes to the very laſt gaſp, and exerted
m to give me, in thoſe few hours, greater marks
Duty and Love than ſhe had done in all her life
ıe, tho' ſhe had never been wanting in either.
ıe laſt words ſhe ſaid to me were the kindeſt of all;
eflection on the goodneſs of God, which had al-
v'd us in this manner to meet once more, before
parted for ever. Not many minutes after that,
laid herſelf on her pillow, in a ſleeping poſture,

placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

dge you, Sir, what I felt, and ſtill feel on this
caſion, and ſpare me the trouble of deſcribing it.
my Age, under my Infirmities, among utter
ngers, how ſhall I find out proper reliefs and
pports? I can have none, but thoſe with which
aſon and Religion furniſh me, and thoſe I lay
ld on, and graſp as faſt as I can. I hope that
, who laid the burthen upon me (for wiſe and
od *purpoſes no doubt*) will enable me to bear it,

in like manner as I have borne others, with ſome gree of fortitude and firmneſs.

You ſee how ready I am to relapſe into an ar ment which I had quitted once before in this let I ſhall probably again commit the ſame fault, i continue to write; and therefore I ſtop ſhort he and with all ſincerity, affection, and eſteem, bid y adieu! till we meet either in this world, if G pleaſes, or elſe in another.

I am, &c.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Mr. GAY,

From 1712 to 1732.

LETTER I.

Binfield, Nov. 13, 1712.

YOU writ me a very kind Letter ſome months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into Devonſhire. That hindered my anſwering you, and I have ſince ſeveral times inquired of you, without any ſatisfaction; for ſo I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I paſt two months in Suſſex, and ſince my return have been again very ill. I writ to Lintot in hopes of hearing of you, but had no anſwer to *that point*. Our friend Mr. Cromwell *alſo has been ſilent all this* year; I believe he has

been diſpleaſed at ſome or other of my freedoms *, which I very innocently take, and moſt with thoſe I think moſt my friends. But this I know nothing of; perhaps he may have opened to you: and if I know you right, you are of a temper to cement friendſhips, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr. Cromwell, and have a true affection for yourſelf, which, if I had any intereſt in the world, or power with thoſe who have, I ſhould not be long without manifeſting to you. I deſire you will not, either out of modeſty, or a vicious diſtruſt of another's value for you (thoſe two eternal foes to merit) imagine that your letters and converſation are not always welcome to me. There is no man more intirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myſelf, and I have ſeen too much of thoſe qualities in you to be any thing leſs than

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

Dec. 24, 1721.

IT has been my good fortune within this month paſt, to hear more things that have pleas'd me than (I think) almoſt in all my time beſide. But no

* We ſee by the letters to Mr. Cromwell, that Mr. Pope was uſed to rally him on his turn for trifling and pedantic criticiſm. So he loſt his two early friends, Cromwell and Wycherly, by his zeal to correct the bad poetry of the one, and the bad taſte the other.

g upon my word has been ſo home-felt a ſatis-
on as the news you tell me of yourſelf: and you
ıot in the leaſt miſtaken, when you congratulate
ıpon your own good ſucceſs: for I have more
ıle out of whom to be happy, than any ill-na-
l man can boaſt of. I may with honeſty affirm
ou, that, notwithſtanding the many inconveni-
s and diſadvantages they commonly talk of in
Res anguſta domi, I have never found any other,
the inability of giving people of merit the only
ıin proof of our value for them, in doing them
: real ſervice. For after all, if we could but
c a little, ſelf-love might make us philoſophers,
convince us *quantuli indiget Natura!* Ourſelves
:aſily provided for; 'tis nothing but the circum-
ials, and the Apparatus or equipage of human
that coſts ſo much the furniſhing. Only what
curious man wants for horſes, and footmen, a
l-natur'd man wants for his friends, or the indi-

.

ſhall ſee you this winter with much greater
ure than I could the laſt; and, I hope, as much
ıur time, as your attendance on the Ducheſs *
allow you to ſpare to any friend, will not be
ght loſt upon one who is as much ſo as any
. I muſt alſo put you in mind, though you are
ſecretary to this Lady, that you are likewiſe
tary to nine other Ladies, and are to write

* Ducheſs of Monmouth, to whom he was juſt then made Se-
ry.

hands of both ſexes, no leſs in Britain, than it is China; where it is ordinary for a Mandarine to fi himſelf cool after a debate, and a Stateſman to hi his face with it when he tells a grave lie.

I am, &c

LETTER IV.

DEAR MR. GAY, Sept. 23, 171

WElcome to your native ſoil *! welcome your friends! thrice welcome to me! wh ther returned in glory, bleſt with court-intereſt, love and familiarity of the great, and fill'd w agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, c templative of the changes of fortune, and doub for the future: Whether return'd a triumphant Wh or a deſponding Tory, equally all hail! equally loved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to take in your elevation; if unhappy, you have a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at l field in the worſt of times at your ſervice. If are a Tory, or thought ſo by any man, I kno can proceed from nothing but your gratitude t few people who endeavour'd to ſerve you, and wh politics were never your concern. If you a

* In the beginning of this year Mr. Gay went over to Ha with the Earl of Clarendon, who was ſent thither by Q. A On her death they returned to England: and it was on thi cuſion that Mr. Pope met him with this friendly welcome.

'hig, as I rather hope, and, as I think, your prin-
ples and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias
the ſide of Liberty, I know you will be an ho-
ſt man, and an inoffenſive one. Upon the whole,
know, you are incapable of being ſo much of ei-
er party as to be good for nothing. Therefore
ce more, whatever you are, or in whatever ſtate
ur are, all hail!

One or two of your old friends complain'd they
d heard nothing from you ſince the Queen's death:
told them no man living lov'd Mr. Gay better
an I, yet I had not once written to him in all his
yage. This I thought a convincing proof, how
uly one may be a friend to another without tel-
ng him ſo every month. But they had reaſons to
emſelves to alledge in your excuſe; as men who
ally value one another, will never want ſuch as
ake their friends and themſelves eaſy. The late
Jniverſal concern in public affairs, threw us all in-
o a hurry of ſpirits: even I, who am more a Phi-
oſopher than to expect any thing from any Reign,
was borne away with the current, and full of the
xpectation of the Succeſſor: During your journeys
I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that
was a ſort of ſhooting flying: add to this the de-
mand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verſes a
day, beſides learned notes, all which are at a con-
cluſion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my
friend, that my labour is over; come and make
merry with me in much feaſting: We will feed

among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the Ladie
Are not the Roſalinda's of Britain as charming,
the Blouſalinda's of the Hague? or have the tw
great Paſtoral poets of our nation renounced love
the ſame time? for Philips, immortal Philips ha
deſerted, yea, and in a ruſtic manner kicked, h
Roſalind. Dr. Parnelle and I have been inſeparabl
ever ſince you went. We are now at the Bath, whe
(if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engage
your coming would be the greateſt pleaſure to us i
the world. Talk not of expences: Homer ſha
ſupport his children. I beg a line from you direſ
ed to the Poſt-houſe in Bath. Poor Parnelle is in a
ill ſtate of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poe
tical way. Write ſomething on the King, or Prince
or Princeſs. On whatſoever foot you may be wit
the court, this can do no harm—I ſhall never know
where to end, and am confounded in the many
things I have to ſay to you, tho' they all amoun
but to this, that I am entirely, as ever,

Your, &c.

LETTER V.

London, Nov. 8, 1717.

I AM extremely glad to find by a Letter of youn
to Mr. Forteſcue, that you have received one
from me; and I beg you to keep, as the greateſt of

iofities, that letter of mine which you received, I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to ex- t you in a ſhort time, that I was upon the ramble ſt part of the Summer, and have concluded the ſea- in grief, for the death of my poor father.

: ſhall not enter into a detail of my concerns and ıbles, for two reaſons; becauſe I am really afflic- and need no airs of grief, and becauſe they not the concerns and troubles of any but my- : But I think you (without too great a compli- nt) enough my friend, to be pleas'd to know he l eaſily, without a groan, or the ſickneſs of two ıutes; in a word, as ſilently and peacefully as he d.

Sic mihi contingat vivere, ſicque mori!

am not in the humour to ſay gay things, nor in affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to ertain either Mr. Pulteney or you, as you have e both my Lord Burlington and me, by your let- to Mr. Lowndes *. I am only ſorry you have greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes, and wiſh you l ſome hundreds a year to the land-tax. That leman is lately become an inoffenſive perſon to too; ſo that we may join heartily in our addreſſes ıim, and (like true patriots) rejoice in all that

* A Poem intitled, *To my ingenious and worthy friend W. ıdes, Eſq; Author of that celebrated treatiſe in Folio, called* AND-TAX BILL.

good done to the nation and government, to whi we contribute nothing ourſelves.

I ſhould not forget to acknowledge your letter ſ from Aix; you told me then that writing was r good with the waters, and, I find ſince, you are my opinion, that 'tis as bad without the waters. B I fancy, it is not writing but thinking, that is ſo b with the waters; and then you might write witho any manner of prejudice, if you writ like our bi ther Poets of theſe days.

The Ducheſs, Lord Warwick, Lord Stanho Mrs. Bellenden, Mrs. Lepell, and I can't tell w elſe, had your letters: Dr. Arbuthnot, and I exp to be treated like friends. I would ſend my ſervi to Mr. Pulteney, but that he is out of favour court; and make ſome compliment to Mrs. Pulten if ſhe were not a Whig. My Lord Burlington t me ſhe has much out-ſhin'd all the French ladies, ſhe did the Engliſh before: I am ſorry for it, beca it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if he tical women ſhould eclipſe thoſe Nuns and ortho Beauties in whoſe eyes alone lie all the hopes we have, of gaining ſuch fine gentlemen as you to church.

Your, &c.

I wiſh you joy of the birth of the young prin becauſe he is the only prince we have from wh you have had no expectations and no diſappoi ments.

LETTER VI.

From Mr. GAY to M. F——.

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven, for I am e out of the world, and there is ſcarce any thing reach me except the noiſe of thunder, which oubtedly you have heard too. We have read in authors of high towers levell'd by it to the ind, while the humble valleys have eſcap'd: the r thing that is proof againſt it is the laurel, which, ever, I take to be no great ſecurity to the brains modern authors. But to let you ſee that the con- y to this often happens, I muſt acquaint you, : the higheſt and moſt extravagant heap of towers the univerſe, which is in this neighbourhood, d ſtill undefaced, while a cock of barley in our t field has been conſumed to aſhes. Would to d that this heap of barley had been all that had iſhed! for unhappily beneath this little ſhelter ſate o much more conſtant Lovers than ever were nd in Romance under the ſhade of a beech-tree. hn Hewet was a well-ſet man of about five and enty, Sarah Drew might be rather called comely an beautiful, and was about the ſame age. They d paſs'd thro' the various labours of the year to- ther, with the greateſt ſatisfaction; if ſhe milk'd, was *his morning* and evening care, to bring the

cows to her hand; it was but laſt fair that he bought her a preſent of green ſilk for her ſtraw hat, and the poſie on her ſilver ring was of his chuſing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for ſcandal never affirmed, that they had any other views than the lawful poſſeſſion of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtain'd the conſent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding cloaths, and John was ſuiting ſeveral ſorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to chuſe her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus buſied (it was on the laſt of July between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and ſuch a ſtorm of lightning and thunder enſued, that all the labourers made the beſt of their way to what ſhelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frighted and fell down in a ſwoon, on a heap of barley John, who never ſeparated from her, ſat down by her ſide, having raked together two or three heaps the better to ſecure her from the ſtorm. Immediately there was heard ſo loud a crack, as if heaven had ſplit aſunder; every one was now ſolicitous for the ſafety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field: No anſwer being returned to thoſe who called to our Lovers, they ſtept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a ſmoke, and then ſpied this faithful pair

with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the held over her, as to ſkreen her from the light-

They were ſtruck dead, and ſtiffen'd in this r poſture. Sarah's left eye-brow was ſing'd, here appeared a black ſpot on her breaſt: her was all over black, but not the leaſt ſigns of ere found in either. Attended by their melan- companions, they were convey'd to the town, the next day were inter'd in Stanton-Harcourt ch-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's ny requeſt, has cauſed a ſtone to be placed over , upon condition that we furniſh'd the Epitaph, h is as follows;

Vhen Eaſtern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
)n the ſame pile the faithful pair expire:
Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found.
And blaſted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts ſo ſincere th' Almighty ſaw well pleas'd,
'ent his own lightning, and the victims ſeiz'd.

ny Lord is apprehenſive the country people will inderſtand this, and Mr. Pope ſays he'll make with ſomething of Scripture in it, and with as of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold *.

Your, &c.

The Epitaph was this,

Near this place lie the bodies of
JOHN HEWET and MARY DREW,
an induſtrious young Man
and Virtuous Maiden of this Pariſh;
Who being at Harveſt-Work
(with ſeveral others)
were in one inſtant killed by Lightning
the laſt day of July 1718.

Think

LETTER VII.

DEAR GAY, Sept. 11, 1

I Thank you for remembring me; I would beſt to forget myſelf, but that, I find, yo is ſo cloſely connected to me, that I muſt forg together, or neither. I am ſorry I could no a glympſe either of you, or of the Sun (y ther) before you went for Bath: But now it me to ſee him, and hear of you. Pray p Congreve in mind that he has one on this the world who loves him; and that there ar men and women in the univerſe than Mr. G my Lady Ducheſs. There are ladies in and Richmond, that pretend to value him and y and one of them at leaſt may be thought t without affectation, namely Mrs. Howard.

Pray conſult with Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. to what exact pitch your belly may be ſuff ſwell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, ye betters. Tell Dr. Arbuthnot that even pig

Think not, by rig'rous Judgment ſeiz'd,
A Pair ſo faithful could expire;
Victims ſo pure Heav'n ſaw well pleas'd,
And ſnatch'd them in celeſtial fire.

Live well, and fear no ſudden fate;
When God calls Virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis Juſtice ſoon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or ſave.

Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flaſh that melts the ball.

ogs puddings are thought dangerous by our
ors; for thoſe that have been ſent to the Bi-
f Rocheſter are open'd and prophanely pry'd
the Tower: 'Tis the firſt time dead pigeons
been ſuſpected of carrying intelligence. To
ous, you and Mr. Congreve and the Doctor
e ſenſible of my concern and ſurprize at his
tment, whoſe welfare is as much my concern
friend's I have. I think myſelf a moſt un-
ate wretch: I no ſooner love, and, upon
edge, fix my eſteem to any man; but he either
ike Mr. Craggs, or is ſent to impriſonment,
e Biſhop. God ſend him as well as I wiſh
nanifeſt him to be as innocent as I believe him,
ake all his enemies know him as well as I do,
ey may think of him as well!
ou apprehend this period to be of any danger
ng addreſſed to you, tell Mr. Congreve or the
r, it is writ to them. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

July 13, 1722.

as very much pleas'd, not to ſay obliged, by
ur kind letter, which ſufficiently warm'd my
to have anſwer'd it ſooner, had I not been
ed (a way one often is deceived) by hearken-
women; who told me that both Lady Bur-
n *and yourſelf* were immediately to return

from Tunbridge, and that my Lord was gon bring you back. The world furniſhes us with many examples of what you complain of in y and, I aſſure you, none of them touch and grieve n much as what relates to you. I think your ſ ments upon it are the very ſame I ſhould enter I wiſh thoſe we call great men had the ſame not but they are really the moſt little creatures i world; and the moſt intereſted, in all but one p which is, that they want judgment * to know greateſt intereſt, to encourage and chuſe honeſt for their friends.

I have not once ſeen the perſon you complai whom I have of late thought to be, as the A admoniſheth, one fleſh with his wife.

Pray make my ſincere compliments to Lord lington, whom I have long known to have a ſtr bent of mind to be all that is good and honour than almoſt any one of his rank.

I have not forgot yours to Lord Bolingbroke, I hope to have ſpeedily a fuller opportunity, h turning for Flanders and France next month.

Mrs. Howard has writ you ſomething or oth a letter, which, ſhe ſays, ſhe repents. She h much good-nature as if ſhe had never ſeen an nature, and had been bred among lambs and t doves, inſtead of Princes and court-ladies.

* Inſtead of——*that they want judgment*, propriety of ſion requires he ſhould have ſaid——*there where they want ment*.——

he end of this week, Mr. Forteſcue will paſs days with me: we ſhall remember you in our ns, and wiſh you a fiſher with us, on my lat. In the mean time we wiſh you ſucceſs as r of women at the Wells, a rejoycer of the tleſs and widow, and a play-fellow of the . I am

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

Sept 11, 1722.

ink it obliging in you to deſire an account ny health. The truth is, I have never been rorſe ſtate in my life, and find whatever I y'd as a remedy ſo ineffectual, that I give entirely over. I wiſh your health may be fectly right by the waters; and, be aſſured, I y wiſh that, and every thing elſe for you, as n friends wiſh, but with a zeal not uſual thoſe we call ſo. I am always glad to hear from you; always glad to ſee you, what- ccidents or amuſements have interven'd to ne do either leſs than uſual. I not only fre- think of you, but conſtantly do my beſt to thers do it, by mentioning you to all your ıtance. I deſire you to do the ſame for me e you are now with: do me what you think in regard to thoſe who are my friends, and if

there are any, whom I have unwillingly deſerved ſ little of as to be my enemies, I don't deſire you t forfeit their opinion, or your own judgment in an caſe. Let time convince thoſe who know me no that I am an inoffenſive perſon; tho' (to ſay truth I don't care how little I am indebted to Time, ſc the world is hardly worth living in, at leaſt to on that is never to have health a week together. I hav been made to expect Dr. Arbuthnot in town th forthnight, or elſe I had written to him. If he, b never writing to me, ſeems to forget me, I conſid I do the ſame ſeemingly to him, and yet I don't be lieve he has a more ſincere friend in the world tha I am: therefore I will think him mine. I am hi Mr. Congreve's, and

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

I Faithfully aſſure you, in the midſt of that me lancholy with which I have been ſo long er compaſſed, in an hourly expectation almoſt of m Mother's death; there was no circumſtance that re der'd it more inſupportable to me, than that I coul not leave her to ſee you. Your own preſent eſcap from ſo imminent danger, I pray God may pro leſs precarious than my poor Mother's can be whoſe life at beſt can be but a ſhort Reprieve, or longer dying. But I fear, even that is more tha God will pleaſe to grant me; for, theſe two da

paſt, her moſt dangerous ſymptoms are returned upon her; and, unleſs there be a ſudden change, I muſt in a few days, if not in a few hours, be depriv'd of her. In the afflicting proſpect before me, I know nothing that can ſo much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may increaſe!) of your recovery. In the ſincerity of my Heart, I am exceſſively concern'd, not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember, I owe you on a like ſad occaſion, when you was here comforting me in her laſt great illneſs. May your health augment as faſt as, I fear, hers muſt decline: I believe that would be very faſt—may the Life that is added to you be paſt in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourſelf, than from any expectations or truſt in others. May you and I live together, without wiſhing more felicity or acquiſitions than Friendſhip can give and receive without obligations to Greatneſs. God keep you, and three or four more of thoſe I have known as long, that I may have ſomething worth the ſurviving my Mother. Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live)

Your, &c.

As I told you in my laſt letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount give me daily accounts of

LETTER X.

Sunday

I Truly rejoiced to ſee your hand-writing, I fear'd the trouble it might give you. had not known that you are ſtill ſo exceſſivel Every day for a week paſt I had hopes of be in a day or two more to ſee you. But my advances not at all, gains no ſtrength, an but upon the whole to wait for the next cold throw her into a Diarrhœa, that muſt, if it carry her off. This being daily to be fear'd, me not dare to go a day from her, leſt that prove to be her laſt. God ſend you a ſpeec very, and ſuch a total one as, at your time may be expected. You need not call the fev I writ to you either kind or good; that was, nothing. But whatever I have in my na kindneſs, I really have for you, and whatev I could do, I would, among the very firſt, I to do to you. In your circumſtance the old farewell is proper, *Vive memor noſtri.*

You

I ſend you a very kind letter of Mr. Dig tween whom and me two letters have paſs cerning you.

LETTER XII.

NO words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I aſſure you it was not, and is not eſſened, by the immediate apprehenſion I have now every day lain under of loſing my Mother. Be aſſur'd, no duty leſs than that ſhould have kept me one day from attending your condition: I would come and take a room by you at Hampſtead, to be with you daily, were ſhe not ſtill in danger of death. I have conſtantly had particular accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceas'd to alarm me yet. God preſerve your life, and reſtore your health. I really beg it for my own ſake, for I feel I love you more than I thought in health, tho' I always loved you a great deal. If I am ſo unfortunate as to bury my poor Mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live moſt of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime, as the Southern part of France, may be thought uſeful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandon'd ſtate already in which I ſhall ſhortly be, as to other cares and duties. Dear Gay, be as chearful as your ſufferings will permit: God is a better friend than a Court; even any honeſt man is a better. I promiſe you my entire friendſhip in all events, heartily praying for your recovery.

Yours, &c.

Do not write, if you are ever ſo able: the Doctor tells me all.

LETTER XIII.

I Am glad to hear of the progreſs of your recovery, and the oftner I hear it, the better, when it becomes eaſy to you to give it me. I ſo well remember the conſolation you were to me in my Mother's former illneſs, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I loſt her, I would have been no where elſe but with you during your confinement. I have now paſt five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely ſtretch their kindneſs ſo far as ten miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to viſit me: the reſt (except Mrs. Blount once) were contented to ſend meſſages. I never paſſed ſo melancholy a time, and now Mr. Congreve's death touches me nearly. I was twenty years and more that I have known him. Every year carries away ſomething dear with it, till we outlive all tenderneſſes, and become wretched individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my birth-day, and this is my reflection upon it.

With added days if life give nothing new,
But, like a Sieve, let ev'ry Pleaſure thro';
Some Joy ſtill loſt, as each vain Year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more!

Is this a Birth-day?—'Tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former Year.

Your, &c.

LETTER XIV.

To the Honourable Mrs.——

June 20.

WE cannot omit taking this occaſion to congratulate you upon the increaſe of your family, for your Cow is this morning very happily deliver'd of the better ſort, I mean a female calf; ſhe is as like her mother as ſhe can ſtare. All Knights Errants Palfreys were diſtinguiſh'd by lofty names: we ſee no reaſon why a Paſtoral Lady's ſheep and calves ſhould want names of the ſofter ſound; we have therefore given her the name of Cæſar's wife, Calfurnia: imagining, that as Romulus and Remus were ſuckled by a wolf, this Roman lady was ſuckled by a cow, from whence ſhe took that name. In order to celebrate this birth-day, we had a cold dinner at Marble-hill *. Mrs. Suſan offered us wine upon the occaſion, and upon ſuch an occaſion we could not refuſe it. Our entertainment conſiſted of fleſh and fiſh, and the lettice of a greek Iſland called Cos. We have ſome thoughts of dining there to-morrow, to celebrate the day after the birth-day, and on Friday to celebrate the day after that, where we intend to entertain Dean Swift; be-

* Mrs. Howard's houſe.

cauſe we think your hall the moſt delightful the world except that where you are. If it for you, we would forſwear all courts; ar it is the moſt mortifying thing in nature, tha neither get into the court to live with you, get into the country to live with us; ſo take up with what we can get that belongs and make ourſelves as happy as we can, houſe.

I hope we ſhall be brought into no worſe c when you all come to Richmond: for what friend Gay may wiſh as to getting into Cour claim it, and deſire to ſee nothing of the c yourſelf, being wholly and ſolely

Your,

LETTER XV.

J

YOU have the ſame ſhare in my mem good things generally have; I alwa (whenever I reflect) that you ſhould be in m only I reflect too ſeldom. However, you allow me the indulgence I allow all my frie if I did not, they would take it) in confi that they have other avocations, which m vent the proofs of their remembring me, t preſerve for me all the friendſhip and g which I deſerve from them. In like mann pect from you, that my paſt life of twen

ay be ſet againſt the omiſſion of (perhaps) one enth: and if you complain of this to any other, is you are in the ſpleen, and not I in the wrong. f you think this letter ſplenetic, conſider I have ſt receiv'd the news of the death of a friend, whom eſteem'd almoſt as many years as you; poor Fen-n. He died at Eaſthamſtead, of indolence and in-ctivity; let it not be your fate, but uſe exerciſe. I ope the Ducheſs * will take care of you in this re-pect, and either make you gallop after her, or teize ou enough at home to ſerve inſtead of exerciſe broad. Mrs. Howard is ſo concern'd about you, nd ſo angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs. Blount for not doing the ſame, that I am piqu'd with jealouſy and envy at you, and hate you s much as if you had a great place at court; which you will confeſs a proper cauſe of envy and hatred, in any Poet militant, or unpenſion'd. But to ſet matters even, I own I love you; and own, I am, s I ever was, and juſt as I ever ſhall be,

Your, &c.

LETTER XVI.

DEAR SIR, Oct. 6, 1727.

I Have many years ago magnify'd, in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, dded to the eight in the Scripture; "Bleſſed is he

* Of Queenſberry.

"who expects nothing, for he shall never be dis-
"appointed." I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy dismission from all Court-dependance; I dare say I shall find you the better and the honester man for it, many years hence: very probably the healthfuller, and the chearfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many cursed Ceremonies, as well as of many ill, and vicious Habits, of which few or no men escape the infection, who are hackney'd and tramelled in the way of a court. Princes indeed, and Peers (the lackies of Princes) and Ladies (the fools of Peers) will smile on you the less; but men of worth, and real friends will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which Kings and Queens cannot give you (for they have it not to give) Liberty, and which is worth all they have; which, as yet I thank God, Englishmen need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy that, and your own integrity, and the satisfactory consciousness of having *not* merited such graces from courts as are bestowed only on the mean, servile, flattering, interested, and undeserving. The only steps to the favour of the Great are such complacencies, such compliances, such distant decorums, as delude them in their vanities, or engage them in their passions. He is the greatest favourite, who is the falsest: and when a man, by such vile gradations, arrives at the height of grandeur and power, he is then at best but in a circumstance to be hated, and in a condition to

hang'd, for ſerving their ends: So many a Miniſter has found it!

I believe you did not want advice, in the letter you ſent by my Lord Grantham; I preſume you writ it not, without: and you could not have better, if I gueſs right at the perſon who agreed to your doing it, in reſpect to any Decency you ought to obſerve: for I take that perſon to be a perfect judge of decencies and forms. I am not without fears even on that perſon's account: I think it a bad omen: but what have I to do with Court omens? —Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain uncourtly ſpeech: While you are no body's ſervant, you may be any one's friend; and as ſuch I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a ſhilling, you ſhall have ſix-pence, nay eight-pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From Mr. GAY to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 2, 1728.

'TWAS two or three weeks ago that I writ you a letter; I might indeed have done it ſooner; I thought of you every poſt-day upon that account, and every other day upon ſome account or other. I muſt beg you to give Mrs. B. my ſincere thanks for her kind way of thinking of me,

which I have heard of more than once from our friend at court, who ſeem'd in the letter ſhe writ to be in high health and ſpirits. Conſidering the multiplicity of pleaſures and delights that one is over-run with in thoſe places, I wonder how any body hath health and ſpirits enough to ſupport them: I am heartily glad ſhe has, and whenever I hear ſo, I find it contributes to mine. You ſee I am not free from dependance, tho' I have leſs attendance than I had formerly; for a great deal of my own welfare ſtill depends upon hers. Is the widow's houſe to be diſpos'd of yet? I have not given up my pretenſions to the Dean; if it was to be parted with, I wiſh one of us had it; I hope you wiſh ſo too, and that Mrs. Blount and Mrs. Howard wiſh the ſame, and for the very ſame reaſon that I wiſh it. All I could hear of you of late hath been by advertiſements in news-papers, by which one would think the race of Curls was multiplied: and, by the indignation ſuch fellows ſhow againſt you, that you have more merit than any body alive could have. Homer himſelf hath not been worſe us'd by the French. I am to tell you that the Ducheſs makes you her compliments, and is always inclin'd to like any thing you do; that Mr Congreve admires, with me, your fortitude: and loves, not envies your performance, for we are not Dunces.

A Mon-

LETTER XVIII.

April 18, 1730.

IF my friendſhip were as effectual as it is ſincere, you would be one of thoſe people who would be vaſtly advantaged and enrich'd by it. I ever honour'd thoſe Popes who were moſt famous for Nepotiſm, 'tis a ſign that the old fellows loved Somebody, which is not uſual in ſuch advanced years. And now I honour Sir Robert Walpole for his extenſive bounty and goodneſs to his private friends and relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendſhip is ſo much leſs effectual than theirs; nay ſo utterly uſeleſs that it cannot give you any thing, not even a dinner at this diſtance, nor help the General whom I greatly love, to catch one fiſh. My only conſolation is to think you happier than myſelf, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating you (an excellent remedy for love.) How comes it that Providence has been ſo unkind to me (who am a greater object of compaſſion than any fat man alive) that I am forced to drink wine, while you riot in water, prepar'd with oranges by the hand of the Ducheſs of Queenſberry? that I am condemn'd to live by a highway ſide, like an old Patriarch, receiving all gueſts, where my portico (as Virgil has it)

Mane ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,

while you are wrapt into the Idalian groves, ſp
led with roſe-water, and live in burrage, balm
burnet up to the chin, with the Ducheſs of Qu
berry? that I am doom'd to the drudgery of d
at court with the ladies in waiting at Windſor,
you are happily baniſh'd with the Ducheſs of Qu
berry? So partial is Fortune in her diſpenſa
for I deſerved ten times more to be baniſh'd
you, and I know ſome Ladies who merit it
than even her Grace. After this I muſt not
any, who dare do ſo much for you as to ſend
their ſervices. But one there is, who exhort
often to write to you, I ſuppoſe, to prevent o
cuſe her not doing it herſelf; ſhe ſeems (for t
all I'll ſay for a courtier) to wiſh you mighty
Another, who is no courtier, frequently me
you, and does certainly wiſh you well.——I
after all, they both do ſo.

I writ to Mr. Forteſcue, and told him the
you took to ſee him. The Dean is well;
had many accounts of him from Iriſh evidenc
only two letters theſe four months, in both
you are mentioned kindly: he is in the north
land, doing I know not what, with I kno
whom. Mr. Cleland always ſpeaks of you:
at Tunbridge, wondering at the ſuperior carni
city of our friend: he plays now with the ol
cheſs, nay dines with her, after ſhe has won
money. Other news I know not, but that
ſelior Bickford has hurt himſelf, and has the

king ſtaff I ever ſaw. He intends ſpeedily to /ou a viſit with it at Ameſbury. I am my Lord ;, my Lady Ducheſs's, Mr. Dormer's, Gene- rmer's, and

Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

Sept. 11, 1730.

ıy with great truth return your ſpeech, that I nk of you daily; oftner indeed than is con- with the character of a reaſonable man, who er to make himſelf eaſy with the things and nat are about him, than uneaſy for thoſe which nts. And you, whoſe abſence is in a manner ual to me, ought rather to be remembred as a man gone, than breathed after as one living. ire taken from us here, to be laid up in a more d ſtate with ſpirits of a higher kind: ſuch I n his Grace and her Grace, ſince their baniſh- from an earthly court to a heavenly one, in other and their friends; for, I conclude, none rue friends will conſort or aſſociate with them wards. I can't but look upon myſelf (ſo un- hy as a man of Twitnam ſeems, to be rank'd ſuch rectify'd and ſublimated beings as you) ſeparared ſpirit too from Courts and courtly fop- s. But, I own, not altogether ſo divested of *ne matter*, nor altogether ſo ſpiritualized, as to

be worthy admiſſion to your depths of retirement and contentment. I am tugg'd back to the world and its regards too often; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the capital. I am within ear-ſhot of reports, within the vortex of lies and cenſures. I hear ſometimes of the lampooners of beauty, the calumniators of virtue, the jokers at reaſon and religion. I preſume theſe are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty orb are to the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter; except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the poſt, from two or three of your zealous votaries at this diſtance; as one Mrs. H. who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midſt of the Colluvies and ſink of human greatneſs at W—r; one Mrs. B. that fancies you may remember her while you liv'd in your mortal and too tranſitory ſtate at Peterſham; one Lord B. who admir'd the Ducheſs before ſhe grew a Goddeſs; and a few others.

To deſcend now to tell you what are our wants, our complaints, and our miſeries here; I muſt ſeriouſly ſay, the loſs of any one good woman is too great to be borne eaſily: and poor Mrs Rollinſon, tho' a private woman, was ſuch. Her huſband is gone into Oxfordſhire very melancholy, and thence to the Bath, to live on, for ſuch is our fate, and duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will and (to encourage you) I will write as ſeldom as i *you* did not. Believe me

Your, &c.

LETTER XX.

DEAR SIR, Octob. 1, 1730.

AM ſomething like the ſun at this ſeaſon, with-
drawing from the world, but meaning it mighty
ll, and reſolving to ſhine whenever I can again.
: I fear the clouds of a long winter will overcome
to ſuch a degree, that any body will take a far-
ıg candle for a better guide, and more ſervice-
e companion. My friends may remember my
ghter days, but will think (like the Iriſhman) that
moon is a better thing when once I am gone. I
i't ſay this with any alluſion to my poetical capa-
as a ſon of Apollo, but in my companionable
(if you'll ſuffer me to uſe a phraſe of the Earl
Clarendon's) for I ſhall ſee or be ſeen of few of
this winter. I am grown too faint to do any
d, or to give any pleaſure. I not only, as Dry-
finely ſays, feel my notes decay as a poet, but
my ſpirits flag as a companion, and ſhall return
in to where I firſt began, my books. I have
n putting my library in order, and enlarging the
nney in it, with equal intention to warm my
d and body (if I can) to ſome life. A friend (a
nan-friend, God help me!) with whom I have
it three or four hours a day theſe fifteen years,
iſed me to paſs more time in my ſtudies: I re-
ed, ſhe muſt have found ſome reaſon for this ad-
dition, and concluded ſhe would complete all her

kindneſſes to me by returning me to the employm
I am fitteſt for; converſation with the dead, the
and the worm-eaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a l
tify'd ſpirit, comparing your life with my ſh
ſtate. For as to my living at Windſor with the
dies, &c. it is all a dream; I was there but
nights, and all the day out of that company. I
certainly make as little court to others as they
to me; and that will be none at all. My Fair-
ther friends of the ſummer are going away for l
don, and I ſhall ſee them and the butterflies t
ther, if I live till next year; which I would
deſire to do, if it were only for their ſakes.
we that are writers, ought to love poſterity,
poſterity may love us; and I would willingly li
ſee the children of the preſent race, merely in
they may be a little wiſer than their Parents.

I am,

LETTER XXI.

IT is true that I write to you very ſeldom,
have no pretence of writing which ſatisfies
becauſe I have nothing to ſay that can give
much pleaſure: only merely that I am in b
which in truth is of little conſequence to one
whoſe converſation I am cut off by ſuch accide
engagements as ſeparate us. I continue, and

ſhall, to wiſh you all good and happineſs: I wiſh that ſome lucky event might ſet you in a ſtate of eaſe and independency all at once! and that I might live to ſee you as happy as this ſilly world and fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more, as once we did? I find my life ebbing apace, and my affections ſtrengthening as my age increaſes; not that I am worſe, but better, in my health than laſt winter; but my mind finds no amendment nor improvement, nor ſupport to lean upon, from thoſe about me: and ſo I feel myſelf leaving the world, as faſt as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, and thoſe too warm in the concerns of the world, for me to bear pace with; or elſe ſo divided from me, that they are but like the dead whoſe remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit from my youth made me have but one ſtrong deſire; all other ambitions, my perſon, education, conſtitution, religion, &c. conſpired to remove far from me. That deſire was, to fix and preſerve a few laſting, dependable friendſhips: and the accidents which have diſappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am ſunk into an idleneſs, which makes me neither care nor labour to be noticed by the reſt of mankind; I propoſe no rewards to myſelf, and why ſhould I take any ſort of pains? here I ſit and ſleep, and probably here I ſhall ſleep till I ſleep for ever, like the old man of Verona. I hear of *what paſſes in the* buſy world with ſo little at-

tion, that I forget it the next day: and as t learned world, there is nothing paſſes in it. I no more to add, but that I am with the ſame as ever

Your,

LETTER XXII.

Octob. 23, 17

YOUR letter is a very kind one, but I can' ſo pleaſing to me as many of yours have b thro' the account you give of the dejection of ſpirits. I wiſh the too conſtant uſe of water not contribute to it; I find Dr. Arbuthnot and ther very knowing phyſician of that opinion. ſo wiſh you were not ſo totally immerſed ir country; I hope your return to Town will be a valent remedy againſt the evil of too much r lection. I wiſh it partly for my own ſake. We lived little together of late, and we want to be ficians for one another. It is a remedy that ag very well with us both, for many years, and I f our conſtitutions would mend upon the old med of *Studiorum ſimilitudo*, &c. I believe we both want whetting; there are ſeveral here who wil you that good office, merely for the love of which ſeems to be bidding the town a long and adieu. I can tell you of no one thing worth l *ing, or ſeeing*; the whole age ſeems reſolv'd to *fy the Dunciad*, and it may ſtand for a public

monumental Inſcription like that at Ther-
, on a *whole people periſh'd!* There may in-
a Wooden image or two of Poetry ſet up,
ve the memory that there once were bards
n; and (like the Giants at Guildhall) ſhow
: and bad taſte of our anceſtors: At preſent
· Laureat * and Stephen Duck ſerve for this
; a drunken ſot of a *Parſon* holds forth the
of *Inſpiration*, and an honeſt induſtrious
· not unaptly repreſents *Pains* and *Labour*. I
is Phænomenon of Wiltſhire has appear'd at
ry, or the Ducheſs will be thought inſenſible
ight qualities and exalted genius's, in court
ntry alike. But he is a harmleſs man, and
e I am glad.

is all the news talk'd of at court, but it will
ou better to hear that Mrs. Howard talks of
o' not in the ſame breath with the Threſher,
do of me. By the way, have you ſeen or
'd with Mr. Chubb, who is a wonderful Phæ-
n of Wiltſhire? I have read thro' his whole
† with admiration of the writer; tho' not

den.

is was his quarto Volume, written before he had given
of thoſe extravagancies, which have ſince rendered him
s. As the Court ſet up Mr. *Duck* for the rival of Mr.
e City at the ſame time conſidered *Chubb*, as one who
lipſe Locke. The modeſty of the court poet kept him
a very intoxicating ſituation, while the vanity of this
tion'd Philoſopher aſſiſted his ſage admirers in turning

always with approbation of the doctrine. I hav paſt juſt three days in London in four months, tw at Windſor, half an one at Richmond, and hav not taken one excurſion into any other country Judge now whether I can live in my library. Adie Live mindful of one of your firſt friends, who wi be ſo to the laſt. Mrs. Blount deſerves your remem brance, for ſhe never forgets you, and wants no thing of being a friend *.

I beg the Duke's and her Grace's acceptance o my ſervices: the contentment you expreſs in the company pleaſes me, tho' it be the bar to my own in dividing you from us. I am ever very truly

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

Oct. 2, 1732

SIR Clem. Cotterel tells me you will ſhort come to town. We begin to want comfort a few friends about us, while the winds whiſtle, a the waters roar. The ſun gives us a parting loo but 'tis but a cold one; we are ready to chan thoſe diſtant favours of a lofty beauty, for a gr material fire that warms and comforts more. I w you could be here till your family come to tow

* Alluding to thoſe lines in the Epiſt. *on the character Women.*

" With ev'ry pleaſing, ev'ry prudent part,
" Say what can *Cloe* want?—She wants a heart.

'll live more innocently, and kill fewer harmleſs
itures, nay none, except by your proper deputy,
butcher. It is fit for conſcience ſake, that you
uld come to town, and that the Ducheſs ſhould
in the country, where no innocents of another
ies may ſuffer by her. I hope ſhe never goes to
rch: the Duke ſhould lock you both up, and
harm would be done. I adviſe you to make
your game, hunt and beat about here for cox-
bs, and truſs up Rogues in Satire: I fancy they'll
to a good account, if you can produce them
h, or make them keep: and their relations will
ne, and buy their bodies of you.

The death of Wilks leaves Cibber without a col-
ue, abſolute and perpetual dictator of the ſtage,
indeed while he lived he was but as Bibulus to
ſar. However ambition finds ſomething to be
tify'd with in a mere name; or elſe, God have
rcy upon poor ambition! Here is a dead vaca-
at preſent, no politics at court, no trade in town,
hing ſtirring but poetry. Every man, and every
, is writing verſes on the Royal Hermitage: I
r the Queen is at a loſs which to prefer; but for
own part, I like none ſo well as Mr. Poyntz's
Latin. You would oblige my Lady Suffolk if
tried your Muſe on this occaſion. I am ſure I
uld do as much for the Ducheſs of Queenſberry,
ſhe deſired it. Several of your friends aſſure me
is expected from you: one ſhould not bear in
nd, all one's life, any little indignity one re-

from a Court; and therefore I am in hope,
er her Grace will hinder you, nor you decline it.
he volume of Miſcellanies is juſt publiſh'd, which
ludes all our fooleries of that kind. All your
nds remember you, and, I aſſure you, no one
ore than

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

From Mr. GAY to Mr. POPE.

Oct. 7, 173?.

I Am at laſt return'd from my Somerſetſhire expedition, but ſince my return I cannot ſo much boaſt of my health as before I went, for I am frequently out of order with my colical complaints, as to make me uneaſy and diſpirited, tho' not to violent degree. The reception we met with, the little excurſions we made, were every way a able. I think the country abounds with bea proſpects. Sir William Wyndham is at I amuſing himſelf with ſome real improvemen a great many viſionary caſtles. We were of tertain'd with ſea views and ſea fiſh, and ſome places in the neighbourhood, among was mightily pleaſed with Dunſtar-Caſtle ne head. It ſtands upon a great eminence, a proſpect of that town, with an extenſiv the Briſtol Channel, in which are ſeen

; call'd the Steep Holms and Flat Holms, and
:her ſide we could plainly diſtinguiſh the divi-
f fields on the Welſh coaſt. All this journey
)rm'd on horſeback, and I am very much diſ-
ited that at preſent I feel myſelf ſo little the
for it. I have indeed followed riding and ex-
for three months ſucceſſively, and really think
as well without it; ſo that I begin to fear the
I have ſo long and ſo often complain'd of,
rent in my conſtitution, and that I have no-
for it but patience *.

to your advice about writing Panegyric, 'tis
[have not frequently done. I have indeed
t ſometimes againſt my judgment and inclina-
and I heartily repent of it. And at preſent,
ıve no deſire of reward, and ſee no juſt rea-
praiſe, I think I had better let it alone. There
tterers good enough to be found, and I would
erfere in any Gentleman's profeſſion. I have
ɔ verſes on theſe ſublime occaſions; ſo that I
o emulation: Let the patrons enjoy the au-
and the authors their patrons, for I know my-
worthy.

I am, &c.

*. Gay died the November following at the Duke of
erry's houſe in London, aged 46 years.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. CLELAND to Mr. GAY *.

Decemb. 16, 17

I Am aſtoniſh'd at the complaints occaſion'd late Epiſtle to the Earl of Burlington; a ſhould be afflicted were there the leaſt juſt gr for them. Had the writer attack'd Vice, at a when it is not only tolerated but triumphant, a far from being conceal'd as a Defect, that it is claimed with oſtentation as a Merit; I ſhould been apprehenſive of the conſequence: Had he rized Gameſters of a hundred thouſand pounds tune, acquir'd by ſuch methods as are in daily tice, and almoſt univerſally encouraged: ha over-warmly defended the Religion of his cou againſt ſuch books as come from every preſs publickly vended in every ſhop, and greedily bo by almoſt every rank of men; or had he calle excellent weekly writers by the ſame names w they openly beſtow on the greateſt men in the niſtry, and out of the Miniſtry, for which the all unpuniſhed, and moſt rewarded: In any of caſes, indeed, I might have judged him too preſ tuous, and perhaps have trembled for his raſhne

I could not but hope better for this ſmall and deſt Epiſtle, which attacks no one Vice whatſoe which deals only in Folly, and not Folly in

* This was written by the ſame hand that wrote the *L the Publiſher*, prefixed to the Dunciad.

at a ſingle ſpecies of it; that only branch, for poſite excellency to which, the Noble Lord to it is written muſt neceſſarily be celebrated. I d it might eſcape cenſure, eſpecially ſeeing how ly theſe follies are treated, and really leſs ac- than apologized for.

hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed,
lth to himſelf, and to his Infants Bread
Lab'rer bears.

ſuch a crime, that to impute it to a man muſt grievous offence? 'Tis an innocent Folly, and more beneficent than the want of it; for ill employs more hands, and diffuſes expence than a good one. Is it a moral defect? No, ut a natural one; a want of taſte. It is what eſt good man living may be liable to. The ieſt Peer may live exemplarily in an ill fa- d houſe, and the beſt reputed citizen be d with a vile garden. I thought (I ſay) the r had the common liberty to obſerve a defect, o compliment a friend for a quality that diſtin- s him: which I know not how any quality d do, if we were not to remark that it was ng in others.

t, they ſay, the ſatire is perſonal. I thought uld not be ſo, becauſe all its reflections are on s. His reflections are not on the man, but his , garden, &c. Nay, he reſpects (as one may the Perſons of the Gladiator, the Nile, and Triton: he is only ſorry to ſee them (as he

might be to ſee any of his friends) ridiculou being in the wrong place, and in bad company. S fancy, that to ſay, a thing is Perſonal, is the as to ſay, it is Injuſt, not conſidering, that no can be juſt that is not perſonal. I am afraid "all writings and diſcourſes as touch no man, "mend no man." The good natured, indeed apt to be alarmed at any thing like ſatire; and guilty readily concur with the weak for a plain ſon, becauſe the vicious look upon folly as frontier:

Jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.

No wonder thoſe who know ridicule belong them, find an inward conſolation in removin from themſelves as far as they can; and it is n ſo far, as when they can get it fixed on the characters. No wonder thoſe who are Food fo tiriſts ſhould rail at them as creatures of prey; e beaſt born for our uſe would be ready to call a ſo.

I know no remedy, unleſs people in our age w as little frequent the theatres, as they begin t the churches; unleſs comedy were forſaken, i ſilent, and every man left to do what ſeems in his own eyes, as if there were no King, no P no Poet, in Iſrael.

But I find myſelf obliged to touch a point which I muſt be more ſerious; it well deſer ſhould: I mean the malicious application o

racter of Timon, which, I will boldly ſay, they uld impute to the perſon the moſt different in the rld from a Man-hater, to the perſon whoſe taſte l encouragement of wit have often been ſhewn in : righteſt place. The author of that epiſtle muſt tainly think ſo, if he has the ſame opinion of his n merit as authors generally have; for he has en diſtinguiſhed by this very perſon.

Why, in God's name, muſt a Portrait, apparently collected from twenty different men, be applied one only? Has it his eye? no, it is very unlike. is it his noſe or mouth? no, they are totally diſing. What then, I beſeech you? Why, it has : mole on his chin. Very well; but muſt the ture therefore be his, and has no other man that miſh?

Could there be a more melancholy inſtance how ich the taſte of the public is vitiated, and turns e moſt ſalutary and ſeaſonable phyſic into poiſon, an if amidſt the blaze of a thouſand bright qualis in a great man, they ſhould only remark there a ſhadow about him; as what eminence is with-t? I am confident the author was incapable of imting any ſuch to one, whoſe whole life (to uſe his n expreſſion in print of him) is a *continued ſeries good* and *generous actions*.

I know no man who would be more concerned, he gave the leaſt pain or offence to any innocent rſon; and none who would be leſs concerned, if e ſatire were challenged by any one at whom he

would really aim it. If ever that happens, I engage, he will own it, with all the freedom of whoſe cenſures are juſt, and who ſets his nam them.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD, March 7, 17

THE clamour rais'd about my Epiſtle to could not give me ſo much pain, as ceiv'd pleaſure in ſeeing the general zeal of the in the cauſe of a Great man who is beneficent the particular warmth of your Lordſhip in tha private man who is innocent.

It was not the Poem that deſerv'd this from for as I had the honour to be your Friend, I not treat you quite like a Poet: but ſure the writ ſerv'd more candor, even from thoſe who knew not, than to promote a report, which in rega that noble perſon, was impertinent; in regard t villainous. Yet I had no great cauſe to wi that a character belonging to twenty ſhould b plied to one; ſince, by that means, nineteen eſcape the ridicule.

I was too well content with my knowledge noble perſon's opinion in this affair, to troul public about it. But ſince Malice and Miſta ſo long a dying, I have taken the opportuni third edition to declare his belief, not only

nocence, but of their malignity; of the former of hich my own heart is as conſcious, as, I fear, ome of theirs muſt be of the latter. His humanity eels a concern for the injury done to me, while his reatneſs of mind can bear with indifference the inult offer'd to himſelf *.

However, my Lord, I own, that critics of this ort can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write o more: That would be making the Town a comliment which, I think, it deſerves; and which ome, I am ſure, would take very kindly. This ay of Satire is dangerous, as long as ſlander rais'd y fools of the loweſt rank, can find any countenance from thoſe of a higher. Even from the conuct ſhewn on this occaſion, I have learnt there are ome who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; nd therefore it may be ſafer to attack Vices than ollies. I will therefore leave my betters in the uiet poſſeſſion of their Idols, their Groves, and heir High-places; and change my ſubject from heir pride to their meanneſs, from their vanities to heir miſeries: and as the only certain way to avoid niſ-conſtructions, to leſſen offence, and not to multily ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my ext, make uſe of real names inſtead of fictitious ones. I am,

My Lord,

Your moſt affectionate, &c.

* Alludes to the letter the Duke of Ch* wrote to Mr. Pope on this occaſion.

LETTER XXVII*.

Cirenceſter

IT is a true ſaying, that misfortunes alone pro one's friendſhips; they ſhow us not only th of other people for us, but our own for the We hardly know ourſelves any otherwiſe. I fi my being forced to this Bath-journey as a misfi tune; and to follow my own welfare preferably thoſe I love, is indeed a new thing to me: my hea has not uſually got the better of my tenderneſſes a affections. I ſet out with a heavy heart, wiſhing had done this thing the laſt ſeaſon; for every day defer it, the more I am in danger of that accid which I dread the moſt, my Mother's death (eſp cially ſhould it happen while I am away.) A another Reflection pains me, that I have nev ſince I knew you, been ſo long ſeparated from yo as I now muſt be. Methinks we live to be mo and more ſtrangers, and every year teaches you live without me: This abſence may, I fear, ma my return leſs welcome and leſs wanted to yo than once it ſeem'd, even after but a fortnig Time ought not in reaſon to diminiſh friendſh when it confirms the truth of it by experience.

The journey has a good deal diſorder'd me, n withſtanding my reſting place at Lord Bathurſ My Lord is too much for me, he walks, and is ſpirits all day along: I rejoice to ſee him ſo. I

To Mrs. B.

a right diſtinction, that I am happier in ſeeing my friends ſo many degrees above me, be it in fortune, health, or pleaſures, than I can be in ſharing either with them: for in theſe ſort of enjoyments I cannot keep pace with them, any more than I can walk with a ſtronger man. I wonder to find I am a companion for none but old men, and forget that I am not a young fellow myſelf. The worſt is, that reading and writing, which I have ſtill the greateſt reliſh for, are growing painful to my eyes. But if I can preſerve the good opinion of one or two friends, to ſuch a degree, as to have their indulgence to my weakneſſes, I will not complain of life: And if I could live to ſee you conſult your eaſe and quiet, by becoming independent on thoſe who will never help you to either, I doubt not of finding the latter part of my life pleaſanter than the former, or preſent. My uneaſineſs of body I can bear; my chief uneaſineſs of mind is in your regard. You have a temper that would make you *eaſy* and *beloved* (which is all the happineſs one needs to wiſh in this world) and content with moderate things. All your point is not to loſe that temper by ſacrificing yourſelf to others, out of a miſtaken tenderneſs, which hurts you, and profits not them. And this you muſt do ſoon, or it will be too late: Habit will make it as hard for you to live independant, as for L—— to live out of a Court.

You muſt excuſe me for obſerving what I think any defect in you: You grow too indolent, and give

things up too eaſily: which would be otherwi when you found and felt yourſelf your own: Spi would come in, as ill-uſage went out. While y live under a kind of perpetual dejection and oppr ſion, nothing at all belongs to you, not your o *Humour*, nor your own *Senſe*.

You can't conceive how much you would find ſolution riſe, and chearfulneſs grow upon you, you'd once try to live independent for two or th months. I never think tenderly of you but t comes acroſs me, and therefore excuſe my rep ing it, for whenever I do not, I diſſemble half t I think of you: Adieu, pray write, and be parti lar about your health.

LETTER XXVIII *.

YOUR letter, dated at nine a clock on T day (night, as I ſuppoſe) has ſunk me q Yeſterday I hoped; and yeſterday I ſent you a or two for our poor Friend Gay, inclos'd in a words to you; about twelve or one a clock ſhould have had it. I am troubled about that, the preſent cauſe of our trouble be ſo much greate Indeed I want a friend, to help me to bear it be We want each other. I bear a hearty ſhare Mrs. Howard, who has loſt a man of a moſt h

* To the ſame.

† Mr. Gay's death, which happen'd in Nov. 1732, Duke of Queenſberry's houſe in London, aged 46.

t; ſo honeſt an one, that I wiſh her Maſter had
: leſs honeſt about him. The world after all is
le pitiful thing; not performing any one pro-
it makes us, for the future, and every day
ıg away and annulling the joys of the paſt.
us comfort one another, and, if poſſible, ſtudy
ld as much more friendſhip to each other, as
ı has deprived us of in him. I promiſe you
: and more of mine, which will be the way to
ve more and more of yours.

purpoſely avoid ſaying more. The ſubject is
ınd writing upon, beyond cure or eaſe by reaſon
ffection, beyond all but one thought, that it is
will of God.

› will the death of my Mother be! which now I
ble at, now reſign to, now bring cloſe to me,
ſet farther off: Every day alters, turns me
ıt, and confuſes my whole frame of mind. Her
ſerous diſtemper is again return'd, her fever
ing onward again, tho' leſs in pain; for which
however I thank God.

am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive
ing to be called a Pleaſure in it, equivalent to
ıtervail either the death of one I have ſo long
l with, or of one I have ſo long lived for. I
: nothing left but to turn my thoughts to one
fort; the laſt we uſually think of, tho' the only
we ſhould in wiſdom depend upon, in ſuch a
›pointing place as this. I ſit in her room, and
is always preſent before me, but when I ſleep.

I wonder I am ſo well: I have ſhed many tears, now I weep at nothing. I would above all th ſee you, and think it would comfort you to ſee ſo equal-temper'd and ſo quiet. But pray dine h you may, and ſhe know nothing of it, for ſhe d much, and we tell her of no earthly thing, le run in her mind, which often trifles have done. Mr. Bethel had time, I wiſh he were your com nion hither. Be as much as you can with other: Be aſſur'd I love you both, and be fa aſſur'd, that friendſhip will increaſe as I live on.

LETTER XXIX.

To HUGH BETHEL, Eſq;

July 12, 17

I Aſſure you unfeignedly any memorial of good-nature and friendlineſs is moſt wel to me, who know theſe tenders of affection you are not like the common traffic of complin and profeſſions, which moſt people only give they may receive; and is at beſt a commerce of nity, if not of Falſehood. I am happy in not mediately wanting the ſort of good offices you c but if I did want them, I ſhould not think n unhappy in receiving them at your hands: this is ſome compliment, for I would rather moſt did me a ſmall injury, than a kindneſs. I your humanity, and, allow me to ſay, I lov

lue you for it: 'Tis a much better ground of love d value, than all the qualities I ſee the world ſo od of: They generally admire in the wrong place, d generally moſt admire the things they don't mprehend, or the things they can never be the tter for. Very few can receive pleaſure or advan-ge from wit which they ſeldom taſte, or learning, hich they ſeldom underſtand: much leſs from the ality, high birth, or ſhining circumſtances of thoſe whom they profeſs eſteem, and who will always member how much they are their Inferiors. But umanity and ſociable virtues are what every crea-re wants every day, and ſtill wants more the longer lives, and moſt the very moment he dies. It is travelling either in a ditch or on a terras; we ould walk in the common way, where others are ntinually paſſing on the ſame level, to make the urney of life ſupportable by bearing one another mpany in the ſame circumſtances.—Let me know w I may convey over the Odyſſes for your amuſe-nt in your journey, that you may compare your n travels with thoſe of Ulyſſes: I am ſure yours undertaken upon a more diſintereſted, and there-re a more heroic motive. Far be the omen from you, returning as he did, alone, without ſaving a friend. There is lately printed a book * wherein all hu-an virtue is reduced to one teſt, that of Truth,

* Mr. Wollaſton's book of *the Religion of Nature delineated.* e Queen was fond of it, and that made the reading, and the king of it, faſhionable.

and branch'd out in every inſtance of our duty to God and man. If you have not ſeen it, you muſt, and I will ſend it together with the Odyſſey. The very women read it, and pretend to be charmed with that beauty which they generally think the leaſt of. They make as much ado about *truth*, ſince this book appear'd, as they did about *health* when Dr. Cheyne's came out; and will doubtleſs be as conſtant in the purſuit of one, as of the other. Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

To the ſame.

Aug. 9, 1726.

I Never am unmindful of thoſe I think ſo well of as yourſelf; their number is not ſo great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing to me, upon an imagination, that I am much employed by other people. For tho' my houſe is like the houſe of a Patriarch of old, ſtanding by the highway ſide and receiving all travellers, nevertheleſs I ſeldom go to bed without the reflection, that one's chief buſineſs is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your opinion of company, amuſements, and all the filly things which mankind would fain make pleaſures of, when in truth they are labour and ſorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your Relation, the E. of C. as on the fate of a mortal man:

eem I never had for him, but concern and huma-
I had: the latter was due to the infirmity of
laſt period, tho' the former was not due to the
mphant and vain part of his courſe. He cer-
ly knew himſelf beſt at laſt, and knew beſt the
e value of others, whoſe neglect of him, whom
y ſo groſly follow'd and flatter'd in the former
ne of his life, ſhew'd them as worthleſs as they
ld imagine him to be, were he all that his worſt
mies believ'd of him: For my own part, I am
ry for his death, and wiſh he had lived long
ugh to ſee ſo much of the faithleſſneſs of the
rld, as to have been above the mad ambition of
verning ſuch wretches as he muſt have found it to
compos'd of.

Tho' you could have no great value for this Great
n, yet acquaintance itſelf, the cuſtom of ſeeing
face, or entering under the roof, of one that
lks along with us in the common way of the
rld, is enough to create a wiſh at leaſt for his be-
; above ground, and a degree of uneaſineſs at his
noval. 'Tis the loſs of an object familiar to us:
hould hardly care to have an old poſt pull'd up,
at I remember'd ever ſince I was a child. And
d to this the reflection (in the caſe of ſuch as were
t the beſt of their Species) what their condition in
other life may be, it is yet a more important ma-
ter for our concern and compaſſion. To ſay the
uth, either in the caſe of death or life, almoſt every
ody and every thing is a cauſe or object for huma-

nity, even proſperity itſelf, and health itſelf; ſo many weak pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am ſorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you don't name the perſon. But I conclude it is one of thoſe to whoſe houſes; you tell me, you are going, for I know no invitation with you is ſo ſtrong as when any one is in diſtreſs, or in want of your aſſiſtance: The ſtrongeſt proof in the world of this, was your attendance on the late Earl.

I have been very melancholy for the loſs of *Mr.* Blount. Whoever has any portion of good nature will ſuffer on theſe occaſions; but a good mind rewards its own ſufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as poſſible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am of old Ennius's mind, *Nemo me decoret lachrymis* —I am but a *Lodger* here: this is not an abiding city, I am only to ſtay out my leaſe: for what has Perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? But I could be glad you would take up with an Inn at Twitenham, as long as I am Hoſt of it: if not, I would take up freely with any Inn of yours.— Adieu, dear Sir: Let us while away this life: and (if we can) meet in another.

LETTER XXXI.

To the ſame.

June 24, 1727.

YOU are too humane and conſiderate, (things few people can be charged with,) Do not ſay you will not expect letters from me; upon my

can no more forbear writing ſometimes to
n thinking of you. I know the world too
t to value you who are an example of act-
ng, and thinking, above it, and contrary to

k God for my Mother's unexpected recovery,
hope can riſe no higher than from reprieve
ve, the ſmall addition of a few days to the
e has already ſeen. Yet ſo ſhort and tranſi-
his light is, it is all I have to warm or ſhine
; and when it is out, there is nothing elſe
live for me, or conſume itſelf in my ſervice.
ould have you think this is not the chief
of my concern about her: Gratitude is a
rtue, one may pay it very punctually, for it
nothing, but our memory of the good done.
we her more good, than ever I can pay, or
is age receive, if I could. I do not think
quillity of the mind ought to be diſturbed
r things in this world: but thoſe offices that
ſſary duties either to our friends or ourſelves,
lly prove any breach of it; and as much as
e away from our indolence and eaſe of body,
tribute to our peace and quiet of mind by
ent they give. They often afford the higheſt
; and thoſe who do not feel that, will hard-
ind another to match it, let them love them-
er ſo dearly. At the ſame time it muſt be
one meets with cruel diſappointments in ſee-
ften the beſt endeavours ineffectual to make

others happy, and very often (what is moſt cruel of all) thro' their own means *. But ſtill I affirm, thoſe very diſappointments of a virtuous man are greater pleaſures, than the utmoſt gratifications and ſucceſſes of a mere ſelf-lover.

The great and ſudden event which has juſt now happened †, puts the whole world (I mean this whole world) into a new ſtate: The only uſe I have, ſhall, or wiſh to make of it, is to obſerve the diſparity of men from themſelves in a week's time; the deſultory leaping and catching of new motions, new modes, new meaſures; and that ſtrange ſpirit and life, with which men broken and diſappointed reſume their hopes, their ſolicitations, their ambitions! It would be worth your while as a Philoſopher, to be buſy in theſe obſervations, and to come hither to ſee the fury and buſtle of the Bees this hot ſeaſon, without coming ſo near as to be ſtung by them.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

To the ſame.

June 17, 1728.

AFter the publiſhing of my Boyiſh Letters to Mr. Cromwell, you will not wonder if I ſhould forſwear writing a letter again while I live

* See Letter XXVII from Cirenceſter.

† The death of K. George the Firſt, which happened the 11 of June, 1727.

ſince I do not correſpond with a friend upon the terms of any other free ſubject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be ſilent, or reſerved; and, I am ſure, my opinion of your heart is ſuch, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world ſhould know. I could publiſh my own heart too, I will venture to ſay, for any miſchief or malice there is in it: but a little too much folly or weakneſs might (I fear) appear, to make ſuch a ſpectacle either inſtructive or agreeable to others.

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to ſecure me from the like uſage for the future, by returning me any letters of mine which they may have preſerved; that I may not be hurt, after my death, by that which was the happineſs of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of myſelf to tell you, only that I have had but indifferent health. I have not made a viſit to London: Curioſity and the love of Diſſipation die apace in me. I am not glad nor ſorry for it, but I am very ſorry for thoſe who have nothing elſe to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have ſmall hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to pleaſe a world not very candid or deſerving. If I can preſerve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, conſidering how little good I can do even to them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are ſo willing to think

well of another from whom they receive no bene fit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the ſoft ſen ſations, the greateſt pleaſure is to give and receiv mutual Truſt. It is by Belief and firm Hope, tha men are made happy in this life, as well as in th other. My confidence in your good opinion, an dependance upon that of one or two more, is th chief cordial drop I taſte, amidſt the Inſipid, the Di agreeable, the Cloying, or the Dead-ſweet, whic are the common draughts of life. Some pleaſure are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be reliſh't long: and vivacity in ſome caſes is worſe than dul neſs. Therefore indeed for many years I have no choſen my companions for any of the qualities it faſhion, but almoſt intirely for that which is the moſt out-of-faſhion, ſincerity. Before I am aware of it, I am making your panegyric, and perhaps my own too, for next to poſſeſſing the beſt of quali ties is the eſteeming and diſtinguiſhing thoſe who poſſeſs it. I truly love and value you, and ſo I ſtop ſhort.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

MY LORD, Aug. 24, 1728.

I Preſume you may before this time be returned from the contemplation of many Beauties, ani mal and vegetable, in Gardens; and poſſibly ſom

onal, in Ladies; to the better enjoyment of your
n at Bevis-Mount. I hope, and believe, all you
re ſeen will only contribute to it. I am not ſo
d of making compliments to Ladies as I was
nty years ago, or I would ſay there are ſome
y reaſonable, and one in particular there. I
ık you happy, my Lord, in being at leaſt half
year almoſt as much your own maſter as I am
ıe the whole year: and with all the diſadvanta-
ıus incumbrances of quality, parts, and honour,
ncer a gardener, loiterer, and labourer, as he
o never had Titles, or from whom they are taken.
ave an eye in the laſt of theſe glorious appellati-
to the ſtyle of a Lord degraded or attainted: me-
ıks they give him a better title than they deprive
ı of, in calling him Labourer: *Agricultura*, ſays
lly, *proxima Sapientiæ*, which is more than can
ſaid, by moſt modern Nobility, of Grace or
ght Honourable, which are often *proxima Stulti-*
. The Great Turk, you know, is often a Gar-
ıer, or of a meaner trade: and are there not (my
rd) ſome circumſtances in which you would re-
ıble the Great Turk? The two Paradiſes are not
connected, of Gardens and Gallantry; and ſome
re are (not to name my Lord B.) who pretend
y are both to be had, even in this life, without
ning Muſſel-men.

We have as little politics here within a few miles
the Court (nay perhaps at the Court) as you at
ıthampton; and our Miniſters, I dare ſay, have

leſs to do. Our weekly hiſtories are only full of feaſts given to the Queen and Royal Family by th ſervants, and the long and laborious walks her M jeſty takes every morning. Yet if the graver Hi rians hereafter ſhall be ſilent of this year's eve the amorous and anecdotical may make poſte ſome amends, by being furniſhed with the gallant of the Great at home; and 'tis ſome comfort, t if the Men of the next age do not read of us, Women may.

From the time you have been abſent, I've been to wait on a certain great man, thro' mode thro' idleneſs, and thro' reſpect. But for my co fort I fancy, that any great man will as ſoon for one that does him no harm, as he can one that done him any good. Believe me, my Lord, your

---

LETTER XXXIV.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

I Muſt confeſs that in going to Lord Cobham I was not led by curioſity. I went thither ſee what I had ſeen, and what I was ſure to like.

I had the idea of thoſe gardens ſo fix'd in imagination by many deſcriptions, that nothing prized me; Immenſity and Van Brugh appear the whole, and in every part. Your joining in y letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me this expreſſion: I confeſs the ſtately Sachariſſa Stow, but am content with my little Amoret.

ıought you indeed more knowing upon the
t, and wonder at your miſtake; why will you
ne women inſenſible to Praiſe, much leſs to
? I have ſeen them more than once turn from
Lover to their Flatterer. I am ſure the Farme-
ıt Bevis in her higheſt mortifications, in the
e of her Lent *, would feel emotions of vanity,
knew you gave her the character of a reaſon-
woman.

ıu have been guilty again of another miſtake,
ı hinder'd me ſhewing your letter to a friend;
you join two ladies in the ſame compliment,
you gave to both the beauty of Venus and the
f Minerva, you would pleaſe neither.

you had put me into the Dunciad, I could not
been more diſpoſed to criticiſe your letter.
t, Sir, do you bring it in as a reproach, or as
ng uncommon to a Court, to be without Poli-

With politics indeed the Richlieu's and ſuch
have brought about great things in former
; but what are they, Sir, who, without policy,
ur times, can make ten Treaties in a year, and
e everlaſting Peace?

can no longer diſagree with you, tho' in jeſt.
ıow heartily I join with you in your contempt
Excellency and Grace, and in your Eſteem of
moſt noble title, Loiterer. If I were a man of
y plums, and a good heathen, I would dedicate
mple to Lazineſs: No man ſure could blame

* The Counteſs of Peterborow, a Roman-catholic.

my choice of ſuch a Deity, who conſiders, when I have been fool enough to take pains, ways met with ſome wiſe man able to undo labours.

Your,

LETTER XXXV.

YOU were in a very polemic humour you did me the honour to anſwer my la always underſtood, like a true controvertiſt, th anſwer is only to cavil and quarrel: however, give you; you did it (as all Polemics do) to your parts. Elſe was it not very vexatious, to me to commend two women at a time? It is my Lord, you know women as well as men ſince you certainly love them better, why are y uncharitable in your opinion of them? Surel Lady may allow another to have the thing ſhe ſelf leaſt values, Reaſon, when Beauty is unco ed. Venus herſelf could allow Minerva to be deſs of Wit, when Paris gave her the apple (a fool herſelf thought) on a better account. I d that Lady P** is a reaſonable woman; and, I ſhe will not take it amiſs, if I ſhould inſiſt eſteeming her, inſtead of Toaſting her, like a thing I could name, who is the Venus of theſe I ſee you had forgot my letter, or would not l know how much I thought of her in this reaſo

ut I have been kinder to you, and have ſhewn
ter to one who will take it candidly.

for God's ſake, what have you ſaid about
ins? you made me a great compliment in the
u repoſed in my prudence, or what miſchief
ot I have done you with ſome that affect
omination? Your Lordſhip might as ſafely
oken of Heroes. What a bluſter would the
the winds have made, had one that we know
gainſt Æolus, or (like Xerxes) whip'd the
hey had dialogued it in the language of the
al.

I'll give him ſlaſh for ſlaſh,
I'll give him daſh for daſh.—

ow is ſafe; the Poets are preparing ſongs of
l Halcyon-days are the word.

e, my Lord, it will not be long before your
ffection brings you to town. I fear it will
aiſe your envy to find all the Muſes em-
n celebrating a Royal work *, which your
rtiality will think inferior to Bevis-Mount.
you have any inclination to be even with
ou need but put three or four Wits into any
your Garden, and they will out-rhyme all
nd Weſtminſter. I think, Swift, Gay, and
undertake it, if you don't think our Heads
nſive: but the ſame hand that did the others,
hem as cheap. If all elſe ſhould fail, you
at leaſt of the head, hand, and heart of
vant.

* The Hermitage.

Why ſhould you fear any diſagreeable news to reach us at Mount-Bevis? Do as I do even within ten miles of London, let no news whatever come near you. As to public affairs we never knew a deader ſeaſon: 'tis all ſilent, deep tranquillity. Indeed, they ſay, 'tis ſometimes ſo juſt before an Earthquake. But whatever happens, cannot we obſerve the wiſe neutrality of the Dutch, and let all about us fall by the ears? Or if you, my Lord, ſhould be prick'd on by any old-faſhion'd notions of Honour and Romance, and think it neceſſary for the General of the Marines to be in action, when our Fleets are in motion; meet them at Spithead, and take me along with you. I decline no danger where the glory of Great-Britain is concern'd; and will contribute to empty the largeſt bowl of punch that ſhall be rigg'd out on ſuch an occaſion. Adieu, my Lord, and may as many Years attend you, as may be happy and honourable!

LETTER XXXVI.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

YOU muſt receive my letters with a juſt impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day; I ſink grievouſly with the weather-glaſs, and am quite ſpiritleſs when oppreſs'd with the thoughts of a Birth-day or a Return.

Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful lazineſs, and being much out of orde

keep me in the country; however, if alive, I muſt make my appearance at the Birth-day. Where you ſhewed one letter you may ſhew the other; ſhe that never was wanting in any good office in her power, will make a proper excuſe, where a ſin of Omiſſion, I fear, is not reckoned as a venial ſin.

I conſent you ſhall call me polemic, or aſſociate me to any ſect or Corporation, provided you do not join me to the Charitable Rogues, or to the Pacific Politicians of the preſent age. I have read over * Barkley in vain, and find, after a ſtroke given on the left, I cannot offer the right cheek for another blow: all I can bring myſelf to, is to bear mortification from the Fair-ſex with patience.

You ſeem to think it vexatious that I ſhall allow you but one woman at a time, either to praiſe, or love. If I diſpute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict againſt me. So, Sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities, the favourite privilege of our church.

I find you do not mend upon correction; again I tell you, you muſt not think of women in a reaſonable way: you know we always make Goddeſſes of thoſe we adore upon earth; and do not all the good men tell us, we muſt lay aſide Reaſon in what relates to the Deity?

'Tis well the Poets are preparing ſongs of joy: 'tis well to lay in antidotes of ſoft rhyme, againſt the rough proſe they may chance to meet with at

* Barkley's apology for the Quakers.

Weſtminſter. I ſhould have been glad of any thin of Swift's: pray, when you write to him next, tel him I expect him with impatience, in a place a odd and as much out of the way, as himſelf.

Yours.

LETTER XXXVII.

From the ſame.

WHenever you apply as a good Papiſt to you female Mediatrix, you are ſure of ſucceſs but there is not a full aſſurance of your entire ſub miſſion to Mother-church, and that abates a little o your authority. However, if you will accept o country letters, ſhe will correſpond from the hay cock, and I will write to you upon the ſide of m wheelbarrow: ſurely ſuch letters might eſcape exa mination.

Your idea of the Golden Age is, that every ſhep herd might pipe where he pleaſed. As I have live longer, I am more moderate in my wiſhes, an would be content with the liberty of not pipin where I am not pleaſed.

Oh how I wiſh, to myſelf and my friends, a free dom which fate ſeldom allows, and which we ofte refuſe ourſelves! why is our Shepherdeſs * in volun tary ſlavery? why muſt our Dean ſubmit to the Co lour of his coat, and live abſent from us? and wh are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

* Mrs. H.

ſeldom venture to give accounts of my journeys ore-hand, becauſe I take reſolutions of going to don, and keep them no better than quarrelling rs do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither ut the middle of next month, and I will call upou, to be ſprinkled with holy water, before I r the place of Corruption.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From the ſame.

Am under the greateſt impatience to ſee Dr. Swift at Bevis-Mount, and muſt ſignify my mind him by another hand, it not being permitted me hold correſpondence with the ſaid Dean, for no er of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this proteſtant land, ſt eſpecially under the care of divine providence, t nothing can ſucceed or come to a happy iſſue t by Bribery; therefore let me know what he exts to comply with my deſires, and it ſhall be retted unto him.

For tho' I would not corrupt any man for the ole world, yet a benevolence may be given with- t any offence to conſcience; every one muſt conſ, that gratification and corruption are two diſtinct ms; nay at worſt many good men hold, that for good end, ſome very naughty meaſures may be ade uſe of.

But, Sir, I muſt give you ſome good news in relation to myſelf, becauſe, I know, you wiſh me well; I am cur'd of ſome diſeaſes in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was poſſeſs'd with violent and uneaſy paſſions, ſuch as a peeviſh concern for Truth, and a fancy love for my Country.

When a Chriſtian Prieſt preached againſt the Spirit of the Goſpel, when an Engliſh Judge determined againſt Magna Charta, when the Miniſter acted againſt common Senſe, I uſed to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myſelf in temper: As I have no flattering hopes, ſo I baniſh all uſeleſs fears; but as to the things of this world, I find myſelf in a condition beyond expectation: it being evident from a late Parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a perſonal eſtate as Sir Robert S-tt-n.

If the Tranſlator of Homer find fault with this unheroic diſpoſition, or (what I more fear) if the Draper of Ireland accuſe the Engliſhman of want of ſpirit: I ſilence you both with one line out of your own Horace. *Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis e pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be ſo corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to the E. of PETERBOROW.

Y LORD,

Never knew or heard of any perſon ſo volatile, and ſo fix'd as your Lordſhip: You, while your gination is carrying you through every corner of world, where you have or have not been, can at ſame time remember to do offices of favour and lneſs to the meaneſt of your friends; and in all ſcenes you have paſſed, have not been able to in that one quality peculiar to a great man, of ;etting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a ig witneſs againſt you; for being the moſt inſig-ant of all your old humble ſervants, you were ruel as never to give me time to aſk a favour, but rented me in doing whatever you thought I de-l, or could be for my credit or advantage.

have often admired at the capriciouſneſs of For-: in regard to your Lordſhip. She hath forced irts to act againſt their oldeſt, and moſt conſtant tims; to make you a General becauſe you had rage and conduct; an Ambaſſador, becauſe you wiſdom and knowledge in the intereſts of Eu-e; and an Admiral on account of your ſkill in ritime affairs: whereas, according to the uſual hod of Court proceedings, I ſhould have been he head of the Army, and you of the Church, or ier a Curate under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Archbiſhop of Dublin laments that he not ſee your Lordſhip till he was juſt upon the p of leaving the Bath: I pray God you may l found ſucceſs in that journey, elſe I ſhall continu think there is a fatality in all your Lordſhip's un takings, which only terminate in your own hon and the good of the public, without the leaſt ad tage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's Miniſtry us'd to me, that not knowing where to write to you, t were forced to write at you. It is ſo with me, you are in one thing an Evangelical man, that know not where to lay your head, and, I thi you have no houſe. Pray, my Lord, write to that I may have the pleaſure in this ſcoundrel co try, of going about, and ſhewing my depend Parſons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow.

I am, &

LETTER XL.

To * * * * *.

Sept. 1

I Believe you are by this time immers'd in y vaſt Wood; and one may addreſs to you as a very abſtracted perſon, like Alexander Selkirk, the † Self-taught Philoſopher. I ſhould be v

* Lord Bathurſt.

† The title of an Arabic Treatiſe of the Life of Hai Yeckta

ious to know what ſort of contemplations employ
ı. I remember the latter of thoſe I mention'd,
e himſelf up to a devout exerciſe of making his
d giddy with various circumrotations, to imitate
motions of the celeſtial bodies. I don't think it
ıll impoſſible that Mr. L* may be far advanced in
t exerciſe, by frequent turns towards the ſeveral
ects of the heavens, to which you may have been
ıſed to direct him in ſearch of proſpects and new
nues. He will be tractable in time, as birds are
ıed by being whirl'd about; and doubtleſs come not
deſpiſe the meaneſt ſhrubs or coppice-wood, tho'
urally he ſeems more inclined to admire God, in
greater works, the tall timber: for, as Virgil
ı it, *Non omnes arbuſta juvant, humileſque myricæ.*
/iſh myſelf with you both, whether you are in
ıce or at war, in violent argumentation or ſmooth
ıſent, over Gazettes in the morning, or over Plans
the evening. In that laſt article, I am of opinion
ır Lordſhip has a loſs of me; for generally after
: debate of a whole day, we acquieſced at night in
: beſt concluſion of which human Reaſon ſeems
ɔable in all great matters, to fall faſt aſleep! And
we ended, unleſs immediate Revelation (which
er muſt overcome human reaſon) ſuggeſted ſome
w lights to us, by a Viſion in bed. But laying
de Theory, I am told, you are going directly to
actice. Alas, what a Fall will that be? A new
ilding is like a new Church; when once it is ſet
, you muſt maintain it in all the forms, and with

all the inconveniencies; then ceaſe the pleaſant luminous days of inſpiration, and there is an end of miracles at once!

That this Letter may be all of a piece, I'll fill the reſt with an account of a conſultation lately held in my neighbourhood about deſigning a princely garden. Several Critics were of ſeveral opinions: One declar'd he would not have too much Art in it; for my notion (ſaid he) of gardening is, that it is only ſweeping nature *: Another told them that Gravel walks were not of a good taſte, for all the fineſt abroad were of looſe ſand: A third advis'd peremptorily there ſhould not be one Lyme-tree in the whole plantation: A fourth made the ſame excluſive clauſe extend to Horſe-cheſnuts, which he affirmed not to be Trees, but Weeds: Dutch Elms were condemn'd by a fifth; and thus about half the trees were proſcribed, contrary to the Paradiſe of God's own planting, which is expreſly ſaid to be planted with *all trees*. There were ſome who could not bear Evergreens, and call'd them Never-greens; ſome, who were angry at them only when cut into ſhapes, and gave the modern Gardeners the name of Ever-green Taylors; ſome, who had no diſlike to Cones and Cubes, but would have them cut in Foreſt-trees; and ſome who were in a paſſion againſt any thing in ſhape, even againſt clipt hedges, which they call'd green walls. Theſe (my Lord) are our Men of Taſte, who pretend to prove it by taſting little or

* An Expreſſion of Sir T. H.

hing. Sure ſuch a Taſte is like ſuch a ſtomach, a good one, but a weak one. We have the e ſort of Critics in poetry; one is fond of nothing Heroics, another cannot reliſh Tragedies, ano- hates Paſtorals, all little Wits delight in Epi- ms. Will you give me leave to add, there are ſame in Divinity; where many leading Critics for rooting up more than they plant, and would re the Lord's Vineyard either very thinly fur- 'd, or very odly trimm'd.

I have lately been with my Lord * who is a zea- s, yet a charitable Planter, and has ſo bad a Taſte, o like all that is good. He has a diſpoſition to it on you in his way to the Bath, and, if he can and return to London in eight or ten days, I not without a hope of ſeeing your Lordſhip with delight I always ſee you. Every where I think you, and every where I wiſh for you.

I am, &c.

LETTER XLI.

To Mr. C——.

Sept. 2, 1732.

Aſſure you I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permiſſion you w give me, to be plain and unreſerved upon this ad. I wrote to you concerning it long ſince; but

a friend of yours and mine was of opinion, it wa taking too much upon me, and more than I coul be entitled to by the mere merit of long acquain tance, and good will. I have not a thing in m heart relating to any friend, which I would not, i my own nature, declare to all mankind. The trut is what you gueſs; I could not eſteem your conduct to an object of miſery ſo near you as Mrs.———— and I have often hinted it to yourſelf: The truth i I cannot yet eſteem it for any reaſon I am able t ſee. But this I promiſe, I acquit you as far as you own mind acquits you. I have now no further cau of complaint, for the unhappy Lady gives me no no farther pain: ſhe is no longer an object eithe of yours or my compaſſion; the hardſhips done he are lodg'd in the hands of God, nor has any ma more to do in them, except the perſons concern' in occaſioning them.

As for the interruption of our Correſpondence, am ſorry you ſeem to put the Teſt of my friendſhi upon that, becauſe it is what I am diſqualified fro toward my other acquaintance, with whom I ca not hold any frequent commerce. I'll name yo the obſtacles which I can't ſurmount: want of healt want of time, want of good eyes; and one y ſtronger than them all, I write not upon the term of other men. For however glad I might be, expreſſing my reſpect, opening my mind, or ven ing my concerns, to my private friends; I hard dare while there are Curls in the world. If y

pleaſe to reflect either on the impertinence of weak admirers, the malice of low enemies, the avarice of mercenary Bookſellers, or the ſilly curioſity of people in general; you'll confeſs I have ſmall reaſon to indulge correſpondencies: in which too I want materials, as I live altogether out of town, and have abſtracted my mind (I hope) to better things than common news. I wiſh my friends would ſend me back thoſe forfeitures of my diſcretion, commit to my juſtice what I truſted only to their indulgence, and return me at the year's end thoſe trifling letters, which can be to them but a day's amuſement, but to me may prove a diſcredit as laſting and extenſive, as the aforeſaid weak admirers, mean enemies, mercenary ſcriblers, or curious ſimpletons, can make it.

I come now to a particular you complain of, my not anſwering your queſtion about ſome Party-papers, and their authors. This indeed I could not tell you, becauſe I never was, or will be privy to ſuch papers: And if by accident, thro' my acquaintance with any of the writers, I had known a thing they conceal'd; I ſhould certainly never be the Reporter of it.

For my waiting on you at your country-houſe, I have often wiſh'd it; it was my compliance to a ſuperior duty that hinder'd me, and one which you are too good a Chriſtian to wiſh I ſhould have broken, having never ventur'd to leave my mother (at her great age) for more than a week, which is too little for ſuch a journey.

Upon the whole, I muſt acquit myſelf of any af

or thought, in prejudice to the regard I owe you, as ſo long and obliging an acquaintance and correſpondent. I am ſure I have all the good wiſhes for yourſelf and your family, that become a friend: There is no accident that can happen to your advantage, and no action that can redound to your credit, which I ſhould not be ready to extol, or to rejoice in. And therefore I beg you to be aſſured, I am in diſpoſition and will, tho' not ſo much as I would be in teſtimonies or writing.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLII.

To Mr. RICHARDSON.

Jan. 13, 1732.

I Have at laſt got my Mother ſo well, as to allow myſelf to be abſent from her for three days. As Sunday is one of them, I do not know whether I may propoſe to you to employ it in the manner you mentioned to me once. Sir Godfrey call'd employing the pencil, the prayer of a painter, and aſſirmed it to be his proper way of ſerving God, by the talent he gave him. I am ſure, in this inſtance it is ſerving your friend; and, you know, we are allowed to do that (nay even to help a neighbour's ox or aſs) on the ſabbath: which tho' it may ſeem a general precept, yet in one ſenſe particularly applies to you, who have help'd many a human o

nd many a human aſs, to the likeneſs of man, not o ſay of God.

Believe, me, dear Sir, with all good wiſhes for ourſelf and your family (the happineſs of which) tyes I know by experience, and have learn'd to value from the late danger of loſing the beſt of mine)

Your, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

To the ſame.

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

AS I know, you and I mutually deſire to ſee one another, I hoped that this day our wiſhes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reaſon which poſſibly might hinder your coming, that my poor Mother is dead *. I thank God, her death was as eaſy, as her life was innocent; and as it coſt her not a groan, or even a ſigh, there is yet upon her countenance ſuch an expreſſion of Tranquillity, nay, almoſt of Pleaſure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the fineſt Image of a Saint expir'd, that ever Painting drew; and it would be the greateſt obligation which even That obliging Art could ever beſtow on a friend, if you could come and ſketch it for me. I am ſure, if there be no very prevalent obſtacle, you will leave

* Mrs. Pope died the ſeventh of June, 1733, aged 93.

any common buſineſs to do this: and I hope to you this evening as late as you will, or to-mor morning as early, before this winter-flower is fac I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. know you love me, or I could not have written —I could not (at this time) have written at al Adieu! May you die as happily!

Your, &

LETTER XLIV.

To the ſame.

IT is hardly poſſible to tell you the joy your p cil gave me, in giving me another friend, much the ſame! and which (alas for mortality!) out-laſt the other. Poſterity will, thro' your me ſee the man whom it will for ages honour *, vi cate, and applaud, when envy is no more, and w (as I have already ſaid in the Eſſay to which you ſo partial)

The ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were his foes.

That Eſſay has many faults, but the poem ſent me has but one, and that I can eaſily forgi Yet I would not have it printed for the world, yet I would not have it kept unprinted neither but all in good time. I'm glad you publiſh y Milton. B——ly will be angry at you, and at

* Lord Bolingbroke.

ſhortly for what I could not help, a Satyrical
m on Verbal Criticiſm by Mr. Mallet, which he
inſcribed to me, but the poem itſelf is good
ther cauſe of anger to any Critic.) As for my-
, I reſolve to go on in my quiet, calm, moral
rſe, taking no ſort of notice of man's anger, or
nan's ſcandal, with Virtue in my eyes, and Truth
n my tongue. Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

To Mr. BETHEL.

Aug. 9, 1733.

YOU might well think me negligent or forget-
. ful of you, if true friendſhip and ſincere
em were to be meaſured by common forms and
pliments. The truth is, I could not write then,
hout ſaying ſomething of my own condition, and
my loſs of ſo old and ſo deſerving a parent, which
lly would have troubled you; or I muſt have
t a ſilence upon that head, which would not have
ed that freedom and ſincere opening of the heart
ich is due to you from me. I am now pretty
ll; but my home is uneaſy to me ſtill, and I am
refore wandering about all this ſummer. I was
t four days at Twickenham ſince the occaſion
t made it ſo melancholy. I have been a fort-
ht in Eſſex, and am now at Dawley (whoſe ma-
is your ſervant) and going to Cirenceſter to Lord

Bathur[illegible] ſhall alſo ſee Southampton with Peterbo[illegible]v. The Court and Twit'nam I ſhall take together. I wiſh I did not leave our frie who deſerves more quiet, and more health and pineſs, than can be found in ſuch a family. Tl of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in the rious ways of life, whether court, country, or t and Mr. Cleland is as well in the Park, as were in Paradiſe. I heartily hope, Yorkſhire ſame to you; and that no evil, moral or ph may come near you.

I have now but too much melancholy leiſure no other care but to finiſh my Eſſay on Man: ' will be in it one line that may offend you (I and yet I will not alter or omit it, unleſs you to town and prevent me before I print it, whic be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain I will not deny myſelf the greateſt pleaſure capable of receiving, becauſe another may ha modeſty not to ſhare it. It is all a poor pc do, to bear teſtimony to the virtue he cannot beſides, that, in this age, I ſee too few go amples not to lay hold on any I can find. Y what an intereſted man I am. Adieu.

* Mrs. B.

LETTER XLVI.

To ————*.

Sept. 7, 1733.

YOU cannot think how melancholy this place
makes me; every part of this wood puts into
mind poor Mr. Gay, with whom I paſt once a great
l of pleaſant time in it, and another friend who
near dead, and quite loſt to us, Dr. Swift. I
lly can find no enjoyment in the place; the ſame
t of uneaſineſs as I find at Twit'nam, whenever I
s near my Mother's room.

I've not yet writ to Mrs. *. I think I ſhould,
have nothing to ſay that will anſwer the charac-
they conſider me in, as a Wit; beſides, my eyes
w very bad (whatever is the cauſe of it) I'll put
m out for nobody but a friend; and, I proteſt, it
ngs tears into them almoſt to write to you, when
ink of your ſtate and mine. I long to write to
ift, but cannot. The greateſt pain I know, is to
things ſo very ſhort of one's meaning, when the
rt is full.

I feel the going out of life faſt enough, to have
le appetite left to make compliments, at beſt uſe-
, and for the moſt part unfelt, ſpeeches. 'Tis
t in a very narrow circle that Friendſhip walks in
s world, and I care not to tread out of it more
n I needs muſt; knowing well, it is but to two
three (if quite ſo many) that any man's welfare,

* Mrs. B.

or memory, can be of conſequence: The reſt, lieve, I may forget, and be pretty certain th already even, if not before-hand with me.

Life, after the firſt warm heats are over, down-hill: and one almoſt wiſhes the journey' provided we were ſure but to lie down eaſy, ever the Night ſhall overtake us.

I dream'd all laſt night of—. She has dr little more than perhaps is right) upon my ſpir ſaw a very deſerving gentleman in my travels has formerly, I have heard, had much the ſam fortune; and (with all his good breeding and ſtill bears a cloud and melancholy caſt, that can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and c ſation. I know another, who, I believe, coul miſe, and eaſily keep his word, never to la his life. But one muſt do one's beſt, not to b by the world as that poor lady was by her and not ſeem too good, for fear of being th affected, or whimſical.

It is a real truth, that to the laſt of my mo the thought of you, and the beſt of my wiſh you, will attend you, told or untold: I coul you had once the conſtancy and reſolution to a yourſelf, whether before, or after I leave yo only way I ever ſhall leave you) you muſt deter but reflect, that the firſt would make me, as w yourſelf, happier; the latter could make yo ſo. Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Hampſtead, July 17, 1734.

ittle doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the Lady you mention. I have no- g to repay my friends with at preſent, but prayers good wiſhes. I have the ſatisfaction to find that n as officiouſly ſerv'd by my friends, as he that thouſands to leave in legacies; beſides the aſſu- e of their ſincerity. God almighty has made bodily diſtreſs as eaſy as a thing of that nature be. I have found ſome relief, at leaſt ſome s, from the air of this place. My nights are but many poor creatures have worſe.

s for you, my good friend, I think ſince our acquaintance there have not been any of thoſe ſuſpicions or jealouſies that often affect the reſt friendſhips; I am ſure, not on my ſide. I be ſo ſincere as to own, that though I could help valuing you for thoſe Talents which the d prizes, yet they were not the foundation of friendſhips; they were quite of another ſort; ſhall I at preſent offend you by enumerating : And I make it my Laſt Requeſt, that you continue that Noble Diſdain and Abhorrence of , which you ſeem naturally endued with; but with a due regard to your own ſafety; and ſtudy : to reform than chaſtiſe, tho' the one cannot be *ed without the* other.

Lord Bathurſt I have always honour'd, for every good quality that a perſon of his rank ought to have: Pray, give my reſpects and kindeſt wiſhes to the family. My veniſon ſtomach is gone, but I have thoſe about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his preſent. If it is left at my houſe, it will be tranſmitted ſafe to me.

A recovery in my caſe, and at my age, is impoſſible; the kindeſt wiſh of my friends is Euthanaſia. Living or dying, I ſhall always be

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

July 26, 1734.

I Thank you for your letter, which has all thoſe genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever diſtinguiſh'd yours, and for which I have ſo long loved you. Our friendſhip has been conſtant; becauſe it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any Diſtruſt, but by any Vanity, much leſs any Intereſt.

What you recommend to me with the ſolemnity of a Laſt Requeſt, ſhall have its due weight with me. That diſdain and indignation againſt Vice, is (I thank God) the only diſdain and indignation I have: It is ſincere, and it will be a laſting one. But ſure *it is as impoſſible* to have a juſt abhorrence of Vice,

without hating the Vicious, as to bear a true love for Virtue, without loving the Good. To reform and not to chaſtiſe, I am afraid, is impoſſible; and that the beſt Precepts, as well as the beſt Laws, would prove of ſmall uſe, if there were no Examples to inforce them. To attack Vices in the abſtract, without touching Perſons, may be ſafe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with Shadows. General propoſitions are obſcure, miſty, and uncertain, compar'd with plain, full, and home examples: Precepts only apply to our Reaſon, which in moſt men is but weak: Examples are pictures, and ſtrike the Senſes, nay raiſe the Paſſions, and call in thoſe (the ſtrongeſt and moſt general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the caſe his own; and that is the only way by which ſuch men can be affected, much leſs deterr'd. So that to chaſtiſe is to reform. The only ſign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they rais'd the anger of bad men. And my greateſt comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to ſee, that thoſe who have no ſhame, and no fear of any thing elſe, have appear'd touch'd by my Satires.

As to your kind concern for my Safety, I can gueſs what occaſions it at this time. Some Characters * I have drawn are ſuch, that if there be any who deſerve them, 'tis evidently a ſervice to man-

* *The Character of* Sporus in the Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

kind to point thoſe men out; yet ſuch as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themſelves. But if they ſhould, thoſe of whom all the world think in ſuch a manner, muſt be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanneſs to do miſchiefs in the dark, have ſeldom the courage to juſtify them in the face of day; the talents that make a Cheat or a Whiſperer, are not the ſame that qualify a man for an Inſulter; and as to private villainy, it is not ſo ſafe to join in an Aſſaſſination, as in a Libel *. I will conſult my ſafety ſo far as I think becomes a prudent man: but not ſo far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honeſt one. As to perſonal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them: as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know, it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope, I ſhall not forfeit it: for that of the Great, or thoſe in power, I may wiſh I had it; but if thro' miſrepreſentations (too common about perſons in that ſtation) I have it not, I ſhall be ſorry, but not miſerable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer Satiriſts than I, have enjoy'd the encouragement and protection of the Princes under whom they lived. Auguſtus and Mæcenas made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the ſide of Brutus; and, allow me to remark, it was out of the ſuffering Party too,

* See the following Letter to a noble Lord.

that they favour'd and diſtinguiſh'd Virgil. You will not ſuſpect me of comparing myſelf with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another Court-favourite, Boileau *. I have always been too modeſt to imagine my Panegyrics were Incenſe worthy of a Court; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reaſon why I have never offer'd any. I would only have obſerv'd, that it was under the greateſt Princes and beſt Miniſters, that moral Satiriſts were moſt encouraged; and that then Poets exerciſed the ſame juriſdiction over the Follies, as Hiſtorians did over the Vices of men. It may alſo be worth conſidering, whether Auguſtus himſelf makes the greater figure in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their falſe Taſte and Affectation, in Perſius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad Government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the firſt of theſe reigns it was, that Horace was protected and careſs'd; and in the latter that Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal baniſh'd.

I would not have ſaid ſo much, but to ſhew you my whole heart on this ſubject; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that Requeſt which you make your laſt to me, and to perform it with Temper, Juſtice, and Reſolution. As your Approbation (being the teſtimony of a ſound head and an honeſt heart, does greatly confirm me herein, I wiſh you may live to ſee the effect it may here-

* *See Letter* CIII. *to Mr.* Warburton.

after have upon me, in ſomething more deſerv that approbation. But if it be the Will of (which, I know, will alſo be yours) that we ſeparate, I hope it will be better for You than be for me. Your are fitter to live, or to die any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend may God preſerve your life eaſy, or make your happy *.

* This excellent perſon died Feb. 27, 1734-5.

We find by Letter xix. that the Ducheſs of Buckinghamſhire ould have had Mr. Pope to draw her huſband's Character. ut though he refuſed this office, yet in his Epiſtle, *on the haracters of Women*, theſe lines,

To heirs unknown deſcends th' unguarded ſtore,
Or wanders, heav'n-directed, to the poor.

re ſuppoſed to mark her out in ſuch a manner as not to be mi-aken for another; and having ſaid of himſelf, that *he held a e in proſe and verſe to be the ſame:* All this together gave a andle to his enemies, ſince his death, to publiſh the follow-ng Paper (intitled *The Character of Katharine*, &c.) as writ-:n by him. To which (in vindication of the deceaſed Poet) 'e have ſubjoined a Letter to a friend, that will let the Reader ılly into the hiſtory of the *writing* and *publication* of this xtraordinary CHARACTER.]

The CHARACTER of

KATHARINE,

LATE

Ducheſs of *Buckinghamſhire* and *Normanby*.

By the late Mr. POPE.

SHE was the daughter of James the ſecond, and of the counteſs of Dorcheſter, who inherited he Integrity and Virtue of her father with happier ortune. She was married firſt to James earl of Angleſey; and ſecondly, to John Sheffield duke of Buckinghamſhire and Normanby; with the former *he exerciſed the virtues of Patience* and Suffering, as

long as there was any hopes of doing good by either; with the latter all other *Conjugal virtues*. The man of fineſt ſenſe and ſharpeſt diſcernment, ſhe had the happineſs to pleaſe; and in that, found her only pleaſure. When he died, it ſeemed as if his ſpirit was only breathed into her, to fulfill what he had begun, to perform what he had concerted, and to preſerve and watch over what he had left, *his only ſon*; in the care of whoſe Health, the forming of whoſe mind, and the improvement of whoſe Fortune, ſhe acted with the conduct and ſenſe of the Father, ſoften'd, but not overcome, with the tenderneſs of the Mother. Her Underſtanding was ſuch as muſt have made a figure, had it been in a man; but the modeſty of her ſex threw a veil over its luſtre, which nevertheleſs ſuppreſs'd only the expreſſion, not the exertion of it; for her ſenſe was not ſuperior to her Reſolution, which, when once ſhe was in the right, preſerv'd her from making it only a tranſition to the wrong, the frequent weakneſs even of the beſt women. She often followed wiſe counſel, but ſometimes went before it, always with ſucceſs. She was poſſeſſed of a ſpirit, which aſſiſted her to get the better of thoſe accidents which admitted of any redreſs, and enabled her to ſupport outwardly, with decency and dignity, thoſe which admitted of none; yet melted inwardly, through almoſt her whole life, at a ſucceſſion of melancholy and affecting objects, the loſs of all her *Children*, the misfortunes of Relations and Friends,

public and private, and the death of thoſe who were deareſt to her. Her heart was as compaſſionate as it was great: her Affections warm even to ſolicitude: her Friendſhip not violent or jealous, but rational and perſevering: her Gratitude equal and conſtant to the living; to the dead boundleſs and heroical. What perſon ſoever ſhe found worthy of her eſteem, ſhe would not give up for any power on earth; and the greateſt on earth whom ſhe could not eſteem, obtain'd from her no farther tribute than Decency. Her Good-will was wholly directed by merit, not by accident; not meaſured by the regard they profeſs'd for her own deſert, but by her idea of theirs: And as there was no merit which ſhe was not able to imitate, there was none which ſhe could envy: therefore her Converſation was as free from detraction, as her Opinions from prejudice or prepoſſeſſion. As her thoughts were her own, ſo were her Words; and ſhe was as ſincere in uttering her judgment, as impartial in forming it. She was a ſafe Companion, many were ſerv'd, none ever ſuffer'd by her acquaintance: inoffenſive, when unprovoked; when provoked, not ſtupid: But the moment her enemy ceaſed to be hurtful, ſhe could ceaſe to act as an enemy. She was therefore not a bitter but conſiſtent enemy: (tho' indeed, when forced to be ſo, the more a finiſh'd one for having been long a making.) And her proceeding with ill people was more in a calm and ſteddy courſe, like Juſtice, than in quick and paſſionate onſets, like Revenge. So

for thoſe of whom ſhe only thought ill, ſhe conſidered them not ſo much as once to wiſh them ill; of ſuch, her Contempt was great enough to put a ſtop to all other paſſions that could hurt them. Her Love and Averſion, her Gratitude and Reſentment, her Eſteem and Neglect, were equally open and ſtrong, and alterable only from the alteration of the perſons who created them. Her Mind was too noble to be inſincere, and her Heart too honeſt to ſtand in need of it; ſo that ſhe never found cauſe to repent her conduct either to a friend or an enemy. There remains only to ſpeak of her Perſon, which was moſt amiably majeſtic, the niceſt eye could find no fault in the outward lineaments of her Face or proportion of her Body; it was ſuch, as pleas'd wherever ſhe had a deſire it ſhould; yet ſhe never envied that of any other, which might better pleaſe in general: In the ſame manner, as being content that her merits were eſteemed where ſhe deſired they ſhould, ſhe never depreciated thoſe of any other that were eſteemed or preferred elſewhere. For ſhe aimed not at a general love or a general eſteem where ſhe was not known; it was enough to be poſſeſs'd of both wherever ſhe was. Having lived to the age of Sixty-two years; not courting Regard, but receiving it from all who knew her; not loving Buſineſs, but diſcharging it fully whereſoever duty or friendſhip engaged her in it; not following Greatneſs, but not declining to pay reſpect, as far as was *due from* independency and diſintereſt; having her-

urably abſolv'd all the parts of life, ſhe forſook is World, where ſhe had left no act of duty or rtue undone, for that where alone ſuch acts are warded, on the 13th Day of March, 1742 3 *.

Mr. Pope to James Moyser of Beverly, Eſq;

Dear Sir, Bath, July 11, 1743.

I Am always glad to hear of you, and where I can, I always enquire of you. But, why have ou omitted to tell me one word of your own health? he account of our Friend's † is truly melancholy, dded to the circumſtance of his being detained (I ear, without much hope) in a foreign country, om the comfort of ſeeing (what a good man moſt eſires and beſt deſerves to ſee to the laſt hour) his riends about him. The public news ‡ indeed ives every Engliſhman a reaſonable joy, and I uly feel it with you, as a national joy, not a arty one; nay as a general joy to all nations where loodſhed and miſery muſt have been introduced, ad the ambition and Perfidy of —— prevail'd.

I come now to anſwer your friend's queſtion. he whole of what he has heard of my writing he Character of the old || Duke of Buckingham is

* "The above Character was written by Mr. Pope ſome years before her Grace's Death." So the printed Edition.

† Mr. Bethel.

‡ The Victory at Dettingen.

|| He ſays *the old Duke*, becauſe he wrote a very fine Epitaph *r the Son.*

untrue. I do not remember ever to have ſeen MS. nor have I ever ſeen the pedigree he me otherwiſe than after the Ducheſs had printed the Will, and ſent one to me, as, I ſuppoſe, to all her acquaintance. I do not wonder it be reported I writ that Character, after a ſtory I will tell you in your ear, and to yourſel There was another *Character written of her G* herſelf (with what help, I know not), but ſhe ed it me in her blots, and preſſed me, by adjurations of Friendſhip, to give her my ſince nion of it. I acted honeſtly and did ſo. She to take it patiently, and, upon many exc which I made, engaged me to take the whol to ſelect out of it juſt as much as I judged ſtand, and return her the Copy. I did ſo. diately ſhe picked a quarrel with me, and we ſaw each other in five or ſix years. In the time, ſhe ſhewed this Character (as much as v tracted of it in my hand-writing) as a comp of my own, in her praiſe. And very probab *now in the hands of Lord Harvey*. Dear Sir, cerely wiſh you, and your whole family (who fare is ſo cloſely connected) the beſt heal trueſt happineſs; and am (as is alſo the Mai this place)

Your

A LETTER to a NOBLE LORD.

On occaſion of ſome Libels written and propagated at Court, in the Year 1732-3.

MY LORD, Nov. 30, 1733.

YOUR Lordſhip's * Epiſtle has been publiſh'd ſome days, but I had not the pleaſure and pain of ſeeing it till yeſterday: Pain, to think your Lordſhip ſhould attack me at all; Pleaſure, to find that you can attack me ſo weakly. As I want not the humility, to think myſelf in every way but *one* your inferiour, it ſeems but reaſonable that I ſhould take the only method either of ſelf-defence or retaliation, that is left me, againſt a perſon of your quality and power. And as by your choice of this weapon, your pen, you generouſly (and modeſtly too, no doubt) meant to put yourſelf upon a level with me; I will as ſoon believe that your Lordſhip would give a wound to a man unarm'd, as that you would deny me the uſe of it in my own defence.

I preſume you will allow me to take the ſame liberty, in my anſwer to ſo *candid*, *polite*, and ingenious a Nobleman, which your Lordſhip took in ours, to ſo *grave*, *religious*, and *reſpectable* a Clergyman †: As you anſwered his *Latin* in *Engliſh*, per-

* Entitled, *An Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court*, *Aug.* 28, 1733, and printed the November following for J. Roberts, Fol.

† *Dr. S.*

mit me to anſwer your *Verſe* in *Proſe*. And tho' your Lordſhip's reaſons for not writing in *Latin*, might be ſtronger than mine for not writing in *Verſe*, yet I may plead *Two good* ones, for this conduct: the one that I want the Talent of ſpinning *a thouſand lines in a* Day * (which, I think, is as much *Time* as this ſubject deſerves) and the other, that I take your Lordſhip's *Verſe* to be as much *Proſe* as this letter. But no doubt it was your choice, in writing to a friend, to renounce all the pomp of Poetry, and give us this excellent model of the familiar.

When I conſider the *great difference* betwixt the rank your *Lordſhip* holds in the *World*, and the rank which your *writings* are like to hold in the *learned world*, I preſume that diſtinction of ſtyle is but neceſſary, which you will ſee obſerv'd thro' this letter. When I ſpeak of *you*, my Lord, it will be with all the deference due to the inequality which Fortune has made between you and myſelf: but when I ſpeak of your *writings*, my Lord, I muſt, I can do nothing but trifle.

I ſhould be obliged indeed to leſſen this *Reſpect*, if all the Nobility (and eſpecially the elder brothers) are but ſo many hereditary fools †, if the privilege

* *And* Pope *with juſtice of ſuch lines may ſay,*
His Lordſhip ſpins a thouſand in a day. Epiſt. p. 6.

† *That to good blood by old preſcriptive rules*
Gives right hereditary to be Fools.

Lords be to want brains *, if noblemen can hard-
write or read †, if all their buſineſs is but to dreſs
id vote ‡, and all their employment in court to tell
:s, flatter in public, ſlander in private, be falſe to
ch other, and follow nothing but ſelf-intereſt ||.
eſs me, my Lord, what an account is this you give
them? and what would have been ſaid of me,
id I immolated, in this manner, the whole body
the Nobility, at the ſtall of a well-fed Preben-
ary?

Were it the mere *Exceſs* of your Lordſhip's *Wit*,
iat carried you thus triumphantly over all the bounds
decency, I might conſider your Lordſhip on your
egaſus, as a ſprightly hunter on a mettled horſe;
id while you were trampling down all our works,
atiently ſuffer the injury, in pure admiration of the
loble Sport. But ſhould the caſe be quite otherwiſe,
ould your Lordſhip be only like a *Boy* that is *run
way with*; and run away with by a *Very Foal*;
eally common charity, as well as reſpect for a noble
mily, would oblige me to ſtop your careeer, and to
elp you down from *this Pegaſus*.

* *Nor wonder that my Brain no more affords,*
But recollect the privilege of Lords,

† *And when you ſee me fairly write my name;*
For England's *ſake wiſh all could do the ſame.*

‡ *Whilſt all our buſ'neſs is to dreſs and vote.* ibid.

|| *Courts are only larger families,*
The growth of each, few truths, and many lies:
in private ſatyrize, in public flatter.
Few to each other, all to one point true;
Which one I ſhan't, nor need explain. Adieu. P.

Surely the little praiſe of a *Writer* ſhould be a thing below your ambition: You, who were no ſooner born, but in the lap of the Graces; no ſooner at ſchool, but in the arms of the Muſes; no ſooner in the World, but you practis'd all the ſkill of it; no ſooner in the Court, but you poſſeſs'd all the art of it! Unrivall'd as you are, in making a figure, and in making a ſpeech, methinks, my Lord, you may well give up the poor talent of turning a Diſtich. And why this fondneſs for Poetry? Proſe admits of the two excellencies you moſt admire, Diction and Fiction: It admits of the talents you chiefly poſſeſs, a moſt fertile invention, and moſt florid expreſſion; it is with proſe, nay the plaineſt proſe, that you beſt could teach our nobility to vote, which, you juſtly obſerve, is half at leaſt of their buſineſs *: And, give me leave to propheſy, it is to your talent in proſe, and not in verſe, to your ſpeaking, not your writing, to your art at court, not your art of poetry, that your Lordſhip muſt owe your future figure in the world.

My Lord, whatever you imagine, this is the advice of a Friend, and one who remembers he formerly had the honour of ſome profeſſion of Friendſhip from you: Whatever was his *real ſhare* in it, whether ſmall or great, yet as your Lordſhip could never have had the leaſt *Loſs* by continuing it, or the leaſt *Intereſt* by withdrawing it; the misfortune of loſing it, I fear, muſt have been owing to his

* *All their buſineſs* is to dreſs and vote.

own *deficiency* or *neglect*. But as to any *actual fault* which deſerved to forfeit it in ſuch a degree, he proteſts he is to this day guiltleſs and ignorant. It could at moſt be but a fault of *omiſſion*; but indeed by omiſſions, men of your Lordſhip's uncommon merit may ſometimes think themſelves ſo injur'd, as to be capable of an inclination to injure another; who, tho' very much below their quality, may be above the injury.

I never heard of the leaſt diſpleaſure you had conceived againſt me, till I was told that an imitation I had made of * *Horace* had offended ſome perſons, and among them your Lordſhip. I could not have apprehended that a few *general ſtrokes* about a *Lord ſcribling careleſly*, a *Pimp*, or a *Spy* at Court, a *Sharper* in a gilded chariot, &c. that theſe, I ſay, ſhould be ever applied as they have been, by *any malice* but that which is the greateſt in the world, *the Malice of Ill-people to themſelves*.

Your Lordſhip ſo well knows (and the whole Court and town thro' your means ſo well know) how far the reſentment was carried upon that imagination, not only in the *Nature* of the *Libel* † you propagated againſt me, but in the extraordinary *manner*, *place*, and *preſence* in which it was propagated ‡;

* The firſt Satire of the ſecond Book, printed in 1732.

† *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace*, afterwards printed by J. Roberts 1732. Fol.

‡ It was for this reaſon that this Letter, as ſoon as it was printed, was communicated to the Q.

that I ſhall only ſay, it ſeem'd to me to exceed the bounds of juſtice, common ſenſe, and decency.

I wonder yet more, how a *Lady*, of great wit, beauty, and fame for her poetry, (between whom and your Lordſhip there is a *natural*, a *juſt*, and a *well-grounded eſteem*) could be prevail'd upon to take a part in that proceeding. Your reſentments againſt me indeed might be equal, as my offence to you both was the ſame; for neither had I the leaſt miſunderſtanding with that Lady, till after I was the *Author* of my own misfortune in diſcontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be unpleaſing to either of you; I aſſure you my reaſon for ſo doing, was merely that you had both *too much wit* for me *; and that I could not do, with *mine*, many things which you could with *yours*. The injury done you in withdrawing myſelf could be but ſmall, if the value you had for me was no greater than you have been pleas'd ſince to profeſs. But ſurely, my Lord, one may ſay, neither the Revenge, nor the Language you held, bore any *proportion* to the pretended offence: The appellations of † *Foe* to *human kind*, an *Enemy* like the *Devil* to all that have *Being*; *ungrateful*, *unjuſt*, deſerving to be *whipt*, *blanketed*, *kicked*, nay *killed*; a *Monſter*, an *Aſſaſſin*, whoſe converſation every man ought to *ſhun*, and againſt whom *all doors* ſhould be ſhut; I beſeech

* Once, and but once, his heedleſs youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing a female Wit.
See the Letter to Dr. Arbuthnot amongſt the Variations.

† See the aforeſaid *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace.*

a, my Lord, had you the leaſt right to give, or encourage or juſtify any other in giving ſuch lan-
age as this to me? Could I be treated in terms
re ſtrong or more atrocious, if, during my ac-
aintance with you, I had been a *Betrayer*, a *Back-*
er, a *Whiſperer*, an *Eves-dropper*, or an *Informer?*
d I in all that time ever throw a *falſe Dye*, or palm
oul Card upon you? Did I ever *borrow*, *ſteal*, or
:ept, either *Money*, *Wit*, or *Advice* from you?
id I ever the honour to join with either of you
one *Ballad*, *Satire*, *Pamphlet*, or *Epigram*, on any
:ſon *living* or *dead?* Did I ever do you ſo great
injury as to put off *my own Verſes* for *yours*, eſpe-
lly on *thoſe Perſons* whom they might *moſt offend?*
m confident you cannot anſwer in the affirmative;
d I can truly affirm, that, ever ſince I loſt the
ppineſs of your converſation, I have not publiſhed
written, one ſyllable of, or to either of you;
ver hitch'd your *names* in a *Verſe*, or trifled with
ur *good names* in *company* Can I be honeſtly
arged with any other crime but an *Omiſſion* (for
e word *Neglect*, which I us'd before, ſlip'd my pen
guardedly) to continue my admiration of you all
y life, and ſtill to contemplate, face to face, your
any excellencies and perfections? I am perſuaded
ou can reproach me truly with no great *Faults*, ex-
:pt my *natural ones*, which I am as ready to own,
to do all juſtice to the contrary *Beauties* in you.
: is true, my Lord, I am ſhort, not well ſhap'd,
enerally ill-dreſs'd, if not ſometimes dirty: Your

Lordſhip and Ladyſhip are ſtill in bloom; your Figures ſuch, as rival the *Apollo* of *Belvedere*, and the *Venus* of *Medicis*; and your faces ſo finiſh'd, that neither ſickneſs nor paſſion can deprive them of *Colour*; I will allow your own in particular to be the fineſt that ever *Man* was bleſt with: preſerve it, my Lord, and reflect, that to be a Critic, would coſt it too many *frowns*, and to be a Stateſman, too many *wrinkles!* I further confeſs, I am now ſomewhat old; but ſo your Lordſhip and this excellent Lady, with all your beauty, will (I hope) one day be. I know your Genius and hers ſo perfectly *tally*, that you cannot but join in admiring each other, and by conſequence in the contempt of all ſuch as myſelf. You have both, in my regard, been like—(your Lordſhip, I know, loves a *Simile*, and it will be one ſuitable to your *Quality*) you have been like *Two Princes*, and I like a *poor Animal* ſacrificed between them to cement a laſting League: I hope I have not bled in vain; but that ſuch an amity may endure for ever! For tho' it be what common *underſtandings* would hardly conceive, Two *Wits* however may be perſuaded, that it is in Friendſhip as in Enmity, The more *danger*, the more *honour*.

Give me the liberty, my Lord, to tell you, why I never replied to thoſe *Verſes* on the *Imitator* of *Horace?* They regarded nothing but my *Figure*, which I ſet no value upon; and my *Morals*, which, I knew, needed no defence: Any honeſt man has the plea*ſure* to be conſcious, that it is out of the power of

: *Wittieſt*, nay the *Greateſt Perſon* in the Kingdom, leſſen him *that way*, but at the expence of his 'n *Truth*, *Honour*, or *Juſtice*.

But tho' I declined to explain myſelf juſt at the ıe when I was ſillily threaten'd, I ſhall now give ır Lordſhip a frank account of the offence you ıgined to be meant to you. *Fanny* (my Lord) is : plain Engliſh of *Fannius*, a real perſon, who was ɔoliſh Critic, and an enemy of *Horace:* perhaps Noble one, for ſo (if your Latin be gone in ear- t*) I muſt acquaint you, the word *Beatus* may conſtrued,

Beatus Fannius! ultro
Delatis capſis et imagine.

is *Fannius* was, it ſeems, extremely fond both of *Poetry* and his *Perſon*, which appears by the pi- res and *Statues* he cauſed to be made of himſelf, l by his great diligence to propagate *bad Verſes* at *rt*, and get them admitted into the library of *ɔuſtus*. He was moreover of a delicate or *effemi- e complexion*, and conſtant at the Aſſemblies and era's of thoſe days, where he took it into his d to *ſlander poor Horace*.

Ineptus
Fannius, *Hermogenis* lædat *convivia Tigelli*.

* *all I learn'd from Dr.* Freind *at ſchool,*
Has quite deſerted this poor John Trot-head,
And left plain native Engliſh in its ſtead. Epiſt. p. 2.

till it provoked him at laſt juſt to *name* him, g
him a *laſh*, and ſend him whimpering to the *Ladie*

Diſcipularum *inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*

So much for *Fanny*, my Lord. The word *ſpins*
Dr. *Freind*, or even Dr. *Sherwin* could aſſure y
was the literal tranſlation of *deduci*; a metap
taken from a *Silk worm*, my Lord, to ſignify
ſlight, *ſilken*, or (as your Lordſhip and the La
call it) * *flimzy* piece of work. I preſume y
Lordſhip has enough of this, to convince you t
was nothing *perſonal* but to *that Fannius*, who (
all his fine accompliſhments) had never been h
of, but for *that Horace* he injur'd.

In regard to the right honourable Lady, y
Lordſhip's friend, I was far from deſigning a pe
of her condition by a name ſo derogatory to her
that of *Sappho*; a name proſtituted to every i
mous Creature that ever wrote Verſe or Novels
proteſt I never *apply'd* that name to her in any
of mine, *public* or private; and (I firmly beli
not in any *Letter* or *Converſation*. Whoever c
invent a Falſehood to ſupport an accuſation, I
and whoever can believe ſuch a Character t
theirs, I pity ſtill more. God forbid the Cou
Town ſhould have the complaiſance to *join* in
opinion! Certainly I meant it only of ſuch mo
Sappho's, as imitate much more the *Lewdneſs*

* *Weak texture of his* flimzy *brain*, p. 6.

Genius of the ancient one; and upon whom their retched brethren frequently beſtowed both the *Name* nd the *Qualification* there mentioned *.

There was another reaſon why I was ſilent as to iat paper—I took it for a *Lady*'s (on the printer's ord in the title page) and thought it too preſuming, s well as indecent, to contend with one of that *ex* in *altercation:* For I never was ſo mean a creaure as to commit my Anger againſt a *Lady* to *paper*, ho' but in a *private Letter*. But ſoon after, her deial of it was brought to me by a Noble perſon of *eal Honour* and *Truth*. Your Lordſhip indeed ſaid ou had it from a Lady, and the Lady ſaid it was our Lordſhip's; ſome thought the beautiful by-blow had *Two Fathers*, or (if one of them will hardly be allow'd a man) *Two Mothers*; indeed I think *both Sexes* had a ſhare in it, but which was *uppermoſt*, I know not: I pretend not to determine the exact method of this *Witty Fornication:* and, if I call it *Yours*, my Lord, 'tis only becauſe, whoever *got* it, you *brought it forth*.

Here, my Lord, allow me to obſerve the different proceeding of the *Ignoble poet*, and his *Noble Enemies*. What he has written of *Fanny*, *Adonis*, *Sappho*, or who you will, he own'd, he publiſh'd, he ſet his name to: What they have *publiſh'd* of him, they have deny'd to have *written*; and what

* From furious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate,
Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate. 1 Sat. B. ii. Hor.

they have *written* of him, they have denied to *publiſh'd*. One of theſe was the caſe in the pa bel, and the other in the preſent. For tho' th rent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is as he has been obliged to deny in the moſt pa lar terms, to the great Perſon whoſe opinion *con him moſt*.

Yet, my Lord, this Epiſtle was a piece not ten in *haſte*, or in a *paſſion*, but many months all pretended provocation; when you was a *leiſure* at Hampton-Court, and I the object like a *Deer out of Seaſon*, for ſo ill timed, a placed a diverſion. It was a *deliberate* work, ed to a *Reverend Perſon* *, of the moſt *ſerio ſacred* character, with whom you are known tivate a *ſtrict correſpondence*, and to whom it w be doubted, but you open your *ſecret Sentimen* deliver your *real judgment* of men and things. I ſay, my Lord, with ſubmiſſion, could n awaken all my *Reflection* and *Attention*. Your ſhip's opinion of me as a *Poet*, I cannot help yours, my Lord, and that were enough to mc poor man; but it is not yours *alone*, you n content to ſhare it with the *Gentlemen* of the *D* and (it may be) with many *more innocent* and *nious men*. If your Lordſhip deſtroys my character, *they* will claim their part in the but, give me leave to ſay, if my *moral* charac ruin'd, it muſt be *wholly* the work of *your Lo*

* Dr. S.

and will be hard even for you to do, unless I *myself co-operate.*

How can you talk (my most worthy Lord) of all *Pope's* Works as so many *Libels*, affirm, that *he has no invention* but in *Defamation* *, and charge him with *selling another man's labours printed with his own name* †? Fye, my Lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention; that person himself has told you and all the world in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen at the conclusion of his notes to the Odyssey. I can only suppose your Lordship (not having at that time *forgot your Greek*) despis'd to look upon the *Translation*; and ever since entertain'd too mean an Opinion of the Translator to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my Lord, when you said he *sold* another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that he *bought* them, which very much *alters the Case.* What he gave him was five hundred pounds: his receipt can be produced to your Lordship. I dare not affirm he was as *well paid* as *some Writers* (much his inferiors) have been since; but your Lordship will reflect that I am no man of Quality, either to *buy* or *sell* scribling so high: and that I have neither *Place*, *Pension*, nor Power to reward for *secret Services.* It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the least *Envy* to such an au-

* *to his eternal shame,*
Prov'd he can ne'er invent but to defame.

† *And sold* Broom's *labours printed with* Pope's Name, P. T.

thor as I; but were that *poſſible*, it were much bette gratify'd by employing *not your own*, but ſome o *thoſe low and ignoble pens* to do you this *mean offic* I dare engage you'll have them for leſs than I gav Mr. Broom, if your friends have not rais'd th market: Let them drive the bargain for you, m Lord; and you may depend on ſeeing, every day i the week, as many (and now and then as pretty Verſes, as theſe of your Lordſhip.

And would it not be full as well, that my poc perſon ſhould be abus'd by them, as by one of yo rank and quality? Cannot *Curl* do the ſame? na has he not done it before your Lordſhip, in the ſam *kind of Language*, and almoſt the *ſame words?* I ca not but think, the worthy and *diſcreet Clergym* himſelf will agree, it is *improper*, nay *unchriſtian*, expoſe the *perſonal* defects of our brother: that bo ſuch perfect forms as yours, and ſuch unfortuna ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the ſa *Maker*; who *faſhioneth his Veſſels* as he pleaſeth, a that it is not from their *ſhape* we can tell whet they are made for *honour* or *diſhonour*. In a wo he would teach you Charity to your greateſt enemi of which number, my Lord, I cannot be reckon ſince, tho' a Poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my Lord, as to the *Obſcurity* * *of my Bir* (a reflection copy'd alſo from Mr. *Curl* and his b thren) I am ſorry to be obliged to ſuch a preſum tion as to name my *Family* in the ſame leaf w

* *Hard as thy Heart*, and as thy Birth obſcure.

our Lordſhip's: but my Father had the honour in ne inſtance to reſemble you, for he was a *younger* *rother*. He did not indeed think it a Happineſs o bury his *elder Brother*, tho' he had one, who anted ſome of thoſe good qualities which *yours* oſſeſt. How ſincerely glad could I be, to pay to hat young Nobleman's memory the debt I ow'd to is friendſhip, whoſe early death depriv'd your faily of as much *Wit* and *Honour* as he left behind im in any branch of it. But as to my Father, I ould aſſure you, my Lord, that he was no Mechaic (neither a hatter, nor, which might pleaſe your Lordſhip yet better, a Cobler) but in truth, of a very tolerable family: And my Mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that *Lady*, whom your Lordſhip made choice of to be the *Mother of your own Children*; whoſe merit, beauty, and vivacity (if tranſmitted to your poſterity) will be a *better preſent* than even the noble blood they derive *only* from *you*. A Mother, on whom I was never oblig'd ſo far to reflect, as to ſay, ſhe *ſpoil'd me* *. And a Father, who never found himſelf oblig'd to ſay of me, that he *diſapprov'd my Conduct*. In a word, my Lord, I think it enough, that my Parents, ſuch as they were, never coſt me a *Bluſh*; and that their Son, ſuch as he is, never coſt them a *Tear*.

* *A noble Father's heir ſpoil'd by his Mother.*
His Lordſhip's account of himſelf, p. 7.

I have purpoſely omitted to conſider your Lordſhip's Criticiſms on my *Poetry*. As they are exactly the ſame with thoſe of the *forementioned Authors*, I apprehend they would juſtly charge me with partiality, if I gave to *you* what belongs to *them*; or paid more diſtinction to the *ſame things* when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be ſhewing both them and you (my Lord) a *more particular reſpect*, to obſerve how much they are honour'd by *your Imitation of them*, which indeed is carried thro' your whole Epiſtle. I have read ſomewhere at *School* (tho' I make it no *Vanity* to have forgot where) that *Tully* naturaliz'd a few phraſes at the inſtance of ſome of his friends. Your Lordſhip has done more in honour of theſe Gentlemen; you have authoriz'd not only their *Aſſertions*, but their *Style*. For example, *A* Flow *that* wants ſkill *to reſtrain its* ardour,—*a* Dictionary *that gives us nothing at* its own expence.—*As luxuriant branches* bear *but little fruit, ſo Wit unprun'd* is *but raw fruit*—*While you* rehearſe ignorance, *you ſtill* know enough *to do it in Verſe*—*Wits* are *but glittering* ignorance.—The *account of* how *we paſs our time*—and, *The weight on Sir R. W*——'s brain. *You can* ever *receive from* no *head more than ſuch a head* (as no head) *has to give:* Your Lordſhip would have ſaid *never* receive inſtead of *ever*, and *any head* inſtead of *no head:* but all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enrich'd our language.

You are merry, my Lord, when you ſay, Latin *and Greek*

Have quite deſerted your poor John Trot-head,
And left plain native Engliſh in their ſtead.

for (to do you juſtice) this is nothing leſs than *plain Engliſh*. And as for your *John Trothead*, I can't conceive why you ſhould give it that name; for by ſome * papers I have ſeen ſign'd with that name, it is certainly a head *very different* from your Lordſhip's.

Your Lordſhip ſeems determined to fall out with every thing you have learn'd at ſchool: you complain next of a *dull Dictionary*,

That gives us nothing at his own expence,
But a few modern words for ancient Senſe.

Your Lordſhip is the firſt man that ever carried the love of Wit ſo far, as to expect a *witty Dictionary*. A Dictionary that gives us *any thing but words*, muſt not only be an *expenſive*, but a very *extravagant Dictionary*. But what does your Lordſhip mean by its giving us but *a few modern words* for *ancient Senſe*? If by *Senſe* (as I ſuſpect) you mean *words (a miſtake not unuſual)* I muſt do the Dictionary the juſtice to ſay, that it gives us *juſt as many modern words as ancient ones*. Indeed, my Lord, you have more need to complain of a bad Grammar, than of a dull Dictionary.

Doctor *Freind*, I dare anſwer for him, never taught you to talk

of Sapphic, Lyric, and Iambic Odes.

* See ſome Treatiſes printed in the Appendix to the Craftſman, about that time.

Your Lordſhip might as well bid your preſent Tutor, your Taylor, make you a *Coat*, *Suit of Cloaths*, and *Breeches*; for you muſt have forgot your Logic, as well as Grammar, not to know, that Sapphic and Iambic are both included in Lyric: that being the *Genus*, and thoſe the *Species*.

For all cannot invent *who can* tranſlate,
No more than thoſe who cloathe *us, can* create.

Here your Lordſhip ſeems in labour for a meaning. Is it that you would have Tranſlations, *Originals?* for 'tis the common opinion, that the *buſineſs* of a Tranſlator is to *tranſlate*, and not to *invent*, and of a Taylor to *cloathe*, and not to *create*. But why ſhould you, my Lord, of all mankind, abuſe a Taylor? not to ſay *blaſpheme* him; if he can (as ſome think) at leaſt go halves with God Almighty in the formation of a *Beau*. Might not Doctor *Sherwin* rebuke you for this, and bid you *Remember your* Creator *in the days of your Youth?*

From a *Taylor*, your Lordſhip proceeds (by a beautiful gradation) to a *Silkman*.

Thus P—pe *we find*
The gaudy Hinchcliff *of a beauteous mind.*

Here too is ſome ambiguity. Does your Lordſhip uſe *Hinchcliff* as a *proper name?* or, as the Ladies ſay, a *Hinchcliff* or a *Colmar*, for a *Silk* or a *Fan?* I will venture to affirm, no Critic can have a perfect taſte of your Lordſhip's works, who does not underſtand *both* your *Male Phraſe* and your *Female Phraſe*.

Your Lordſhip, to finiſh your Climax, advances
) to a *Hatter*; a Mechanic, whoſe Employment,
)u inform us, is not (as was generally imagined)
cover people's heads, but to *dreſs their brains* *. A
oft uſeful Mechanic indeed! I can't help wiſhing
have been one, for ſome people's ſake.—But this
o may be only another *Lady-Phraſe*: Your Lord-
ip and the Ladies may take a *Head-dreſs* for a *Head*,
id underſtand, that to *adorn the Head* is the ſame
ing as to *dreſs the Brains*.

Upon the whole, I may thank your Lordſhip for
is high Panegyric: For if I have but *dreſs'd* up
'omer, as your *Taylor*, *Silkman*, and *Hatter* have
uipp'd *your Lordſhip*, I muſt be own'd to have
eſs'd him *marvelouſly indeed*, and no wonder if he
admir'd by the Ladies †.

After all, my Lord, I really wiſh you would learn
our *Grammar*. What if you put yourſelf awhile
nder the Tuition of your Friend *W——m?* May not
with all reſpect ſay to you, what was ſaid to *ano-*
her Noble Poet by Mr. Cowley, *Pray, Mr.* Howard ‡,
you did read your Grammar, *what harm would it*
you? You yourſelf wiſh all Lords would *learn to*
rite ‖; tho' I don't ſee of what uſe it could be, if

* *For this Mechanic's, like the Hatter's pains,*
Are but for dreſſing other people's brains.

† *by Girls admir'd*, p. 6.

‡ The Honourable Mr. Edward Howard, celebrated for his
etry.

‖ *And when you ſee me fairly write my name,*
For England's ſake wiſh all Lords did the ſame.

their whole buſineſs is to *give their Votes* * : It cou only be ſerviceable in *ſigning their Proteſts*. Yet ſu ly this ſmall portion of learning might be indulg to your Lordſhip, without any Breach of that P *vilege* † you ſo generouſly aſſert to all thoſe of yc rank, or too great an Infringement of that *Righ* which you claim as *Hereditary*, and for which, doubt, your noble Father will thank you. Sure my Lord, no man was ever ſo bent upon depreciati himſelf!

All your Readers have obſerved the followi Lines:

How oft we hear ſome Witling pert and dull,
By faſhion Coxcomb, and by nature Fool,
With hackney Maxims, in dogmutic ſtrain,
Scoffing Religion and the Marriage chain?
Then from his Common-place-book he repeats,
The Lawyers all are rogues, and Parſons cheat.
That Vice and Virtue's nothing but a jeſt,
And all Morality Deceit well dreſt;
That Life itſelf is like a wrangling game, &c.

The whole Town and Court (my good Lord) h heard *this Witling*; who is ſo much every bo acquaintance but his own, that I'll engage *they name* the *ſame Perſon*. But to hear *you* ſay, that is only—*of whipt Cream* a *frothy Store*, is a ſuffic

* *All our buſ'neſs is to dreſs and vote.* p. 4.
† *The want of brains.* ibid.
‡ *To be fools.* ibid.

proof, that never mortal was endued with ſo humble an opinion both of himſelf and his own Wit, as your Lordſhip: For, I do aſſure you, theſe are by much the beſt Verſes in your whole Poem.

How unhappy is it for me, that a Perſon of your Lordſhip's *Modeſty* and *Virtue*, who manifeſts ſo tender a regard to *Religion*, *Matrimony*, and *Morality*; who, tho' an Ornament to the Court, cultivate an exemplary Correſpondence with the *Clergy*; nay, who diſdain not charitably to converſe with, and even aſſiſt, ſome of the very worſt of Writers (ſo far as to caſt a few *Conceits*, or drop a few *Antitheſes* even among the *Dear Joys* of the *Courant*) that you, I ſay, ſhould look upon Me alone as reprobate and unamendable! Reflect what *I was*, and what *I am*. I am even *Annihilated* by your Anger: For in theſe Verſes you have robbed me of *all power to think* *, and, in your others, of the very *name* of a *Man!* Nay, to ſhew that this is wholly your own doing, you have told us that before I wrote my *laſt Epiſtles* (that is, before I unluckily mention'd *Fanny* and *Adonis*, whom, I proteſt, I knew not to be your Lordſhip's Relations) *I might have lived and died in glory* †.

What would I not do to be well with your Lordſhip? Tho', you obſerve, I am a mere *Imitator* of *Homer*, *Horace*, *Boileau*, *Garth*, &c. (which I have

* P——e, *who ne'er cou'd think.* p. 7.

† *In glory then he might have liv'd and dy'd.* Ibid.

the leſs cauſe to be aſham'd of, ſince they were *Imitators of one another)* yet what if I ſhould ſolemnly engage never to imitate *your* Lordſhip? May it not be one ſtep towards an accommodation, that while you remark my *Ignorance in Greek*, you are ſo good as to ſay, you have *forgot your own?* What if I ſhould confeſs I tranſlated from *D'Acier?* That ſurely could not but oblige your Lordſhip, who are known to prefer *French* to all the learned Languages. But allowing that in the ſpace of *twelve years* acquaintance with *Homer*, I might unhappily contract as much *Greek*, as your Lordſhip did in *Two* at the Univerſity, why may I not forget it again, as happily?

Till ſuch a reconciliation take effect, I have but one thing to intreat of your Lordſhip. It is that you will not decide of my *Principles* on the ſame grounds as you have done of my *Learning:* Nor give the ſame account of my *Want of Grace*, after you have loſt all acquaintance with my *Perſon*, as you do of my *Want of Greek*, after you have confeſſedly loſt all acquaintance with the *Language*. You are too generous, my Lord, to follow the *Gentlemen* of the *Dunciad* quite ſo far, as to ſeek my *utter Perdition*; as *Nero* once did *Lucan*'s, merely for preſuming to be a *Poet*, while one of ſo much greater quality was a *Writer*. I therefore make this humble requeſt to your Lordſhip, that the next time you pleaſe *to write of me, ſpeak of me*, or even *whiſ-*

per of me *, you will recollect it is full *eight Years* since I had the honour of *any converſation* or *correſpondence* with your Lordſhip, except *juſt half an hour* in a Lady's Lodgings at Court, and then I had the happineſs of her being preſent all the time. It would therefore be difficult even for your Lordſhip's penetration to tell, to what, or from what *Principles*, *Parties*, or *Sentiments*, Moral, Political, or Theological, I may have been converted, or perverted, in all that time. I beſeech your Lordſhip to conſider, the Injury a Man of your *high Rank* and *Credit* may do to a *private Perſon* under *Penal Laws*, and many other diſadvantages, not for want of *honeſty* or *conſcience*, but merely perhaps for having too *weak a head*, or too *tender a heart* †. It is by *theſe alone* I have hitherto liv'd excluded from all *poſts* of *Profit* or *Truſt*: As I can interfere with the *Views* of *no man*, do not deny me, my Lord, *all that is left*, a little *Praiſe*, or the common Encouragement due, if not to my *Genius*, at leaſt to my *Induſtry*.

Above all, your Lordſhip will be careful not to wrong my *Moral Character*, with THOSE ‡ under whoſe *Protection* I live, and thro' whoſe *Lenity* alone I can live with Comfort. Your Lordſhip, I am confident, upon conſideration will think, you inad-

* The *whiſper*, that, to greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sov'reign's ear.
Epiſt. to Dr. Arbuthnot.

† See Letter to Biſhop Atterbury, Lett. iv.

‡ *The K. and Q.*

vertently went a little *too far* when you recommended to THEIR perusal, and strengthened by the weight of your Approbation, a *Libel*, mean in its reflections upon my poor *figure*, and scandalous in those on my *Honour* and *Integrity:* wherein I was represented as "*an Enemy* to Human Race, a *Murderer* of "Reputations, and a *Monster* marked by God like "*Cain*, deserving to wander accurs'd thro' the "World."

A strange Picture of a Man, who had the good fortune to enjoy many friends, who will be always remember'd as the first Ornaments of their Age and Country; and no Enemies that ever contriv'd to be heard of, except Mr. *John Dennis*, and your Lordship: A Man, who never wrote a Line in which the *Religion* or *Government* of his Country, the *Royal Family*, or their *Ministry*, were disrespectfully mentioned; the Animosity of any one Party gratify'd at the expence of another; or any Censure past, but upon *known Vice*, *acknowledg'd Folly*, or *aggressing Impertinence*. It is with infinite pleasure he finds, that *some Men* who seem *asham'd* and *afraid* of *nothing else*, are so very sensible of *his Ridicule:* And 'tis for that very reason he resolves (by the grace of God, and your Lordship's good leave)

That, while he breathes, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave.

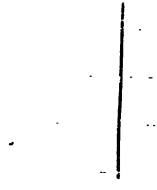
This he thinks, is rendering the best Service he can *to the* Public, and even to the good Government

of his Country; and for this, at leaſt, he may deſerve ſome Countenance, even from the GREATEST PERSONS in it. Your Lordſhip knows OF WHOM I ſpeak. Their NAMES I ſhould be as ſorry, and as much aſham'd, to place near *yours*, on ſuch an occaſion, as I ſhould be to ſee *You*, my Lord, placed ſo near *their* PERSONS, if you could ever make ſo ill an Uſe of their Ear * as to aſperſe or miſrepreſent any one innocent Man.

This is all I ſhall ever aſk of your Lordſhip, except your pardon for this tedious Letter. I have the honour to be, with equal *Reſpect* and *Concern*,

My Lord,

Your truly devoted Servant,

A. POPE.

* "Cloſe at the ear of Eve."—Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot.